

THE AUSTRALIAN

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 500,000 Copies Sold Every Week

July 25, 1942

transmission by post as a newspaper.

PUBLISHED IN EVERY STATE

PRICE

3d



Vincent



"Just commandeering a few eggs for the mess," the young man said blithely.

HUMOROUS ROMANCE

LOVE IS BRAVE

By...

Dorothy BLACK

flattered, but somehow she wasn't. She felt panic-stricken.

She was twenty, and this was her first affair, if you could call it an affair. She had never been in love. She had her dreams, but the street was never loud with the clatter of knight-errants riding by in that part of the country to rescue a girl from boredom. She knew very well what her dream hero looked like, and it wasn't at all like Alan Gordon.

But, oh, was it perhaps not best in this sad world to take what you could get?

It was a Tuesday morning. Joan went down through the wet grass to the paddock to get the eggs. The Vicar was coming to tea that day, and she knew Mrs. Masham hoped to floor him with a bumper crop.

She stood, transfixed with horror. There wasn't a single one. About her and about, the hens wandered, disinterested, occupied with trifles.

Mrs. Masham was furious. "What have you been doing?" she demanded. "Hens do not go off lay like that. There is something amiss."

All that evening, and the next day, she was most offensive. As if she suspected Joan of beating up rich omelettes and consuming them in secret. It was most unfair. Joan did not often cry, but what with a slight cold in her nose, and one thing and another, she shed a few silent tears as she boiled the kettle for the evening cocoa.

Alan found her doing it. He was snooping round looking for some matches.

When Alan saw Joan with tears in her eyes, he tried to take her in his arms.

"Joan, have you realised that I am getting a little fond of you, dear?" he whispered. Almost anything might have happened, if it hadn't been for the kettle. It was a patent kettle Mrs. Masham had bought, which blew a frantic whistle in its spout when ready. That was all right, but if not attended to immediately it proceeded to blow out its whole spout in a very vulgar manner indeed.

So Joan was able to postpone the evil moment for a while longer, in the hopes something would happen to tell her what she ought to do, though she knew quite well it wouldn't. So she just said:

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Gordon. I wonder if you'd mind carrying in the brown bread and butter while I make the cocoa."

The hens continued to withhold their hands. Mrs. Masham bought a book called "The Hen. How to Keep It," and put it with a very meaningful slap beside Joan's plate at lunch. It was this book that brought one fact home to the girl. Hens, once they are under way with delivering the goods, don't cease all at once for no reason. The business is automatic.

There was dirty work afoot. She determined to discover what it was. In her secret heart she suspected a certain choir boy, who looked like an angel, but according to his mother, who probably knew, wasn't.

Late that night when she had tucked Mrs. Masham up and given her her gruel and seen to it that all the doors were locked and the windows bolted, she went downstairs again. There was a large mackintosh hanging in the hall, belonging to no one in particular. She put it on over her coat, and took a large walking-stick from the umbrella stand, and a little camp-stool.

She went through the wet grass down to the hen-house, to wait, as she thought, for Rupert.

Something twanged in the night, making her jump. Joan wasn't frightened, once she realised what it was. Someone had clambered cautiously through the wire fence, and was even now approaching the hen-house.

"So," said Joan, standing up grasping her stick. "I thought as much."

Please turn to page 19

JOAN would have left Mrs. Masham to do something more exciting when war broke out—if she had had the heart. Unfortunately for herself, she was a conscientious girl.

Cook, not afflicted with much conscience, left without a moment's hesitation to cook for soldiers. Alice, the housemaid, joined the Volunteers.

After all this, Joan simply had to stay. It must be terrible to be left alone in wartime, when you will probably never see one hundred again. Mrs. Masham may not really have been as old as that, but she looked it. Once she had been very smart and gay, and had had lots of friends. But one by one they all dropped off, and all she had left now was her nephew, Alan Gordon, who worked in an office somewhere or other, and said often and loudly that his work was of national importance.

Joan didn't know much about that. Alan Gordon was tall and wide and handsome, but for some reason she never got worked up about him. He hoped to be Mrs. Masham's heir.

Joan never knew whether Mrs. Masham liked her nephew or not. She was an amazing old lady. She looked decrepit, but her strength was as the strength of ten.

Mrs. Masham was strong on patents and pets. She was always trying out some new gadget in the home or buying some animal or other, which she said "simply longed to come and live with them."

When war broke out, there was a nice long rest. Even Mrs. Masham saw the inadvisability of being surrounded by any number of dumb friends, mostly out of control, in an air raid. Besides, it was just after the goat, not content with eating the Vicar's dahlias, butted him into the shrubbery, adding insult to injury.

Peace might have lasted still longer if Alan Gordon hadn't come down for one of his frequent weekends and noticed at lunch that there was no egg in the salad.

"I can't think why you don't keep hens, Aunt Lucy," he said.

"Hens!" said Mrs. Masham, delighted. "Why, Alan, what a delightful idea. We will set about it at once."

Joan did not think it a delightful idea. She thought it a loathsome idea. Besides, she knew on whom the onus of the henry was going to fall.

Her worst fears were soon justified. Mrs. Masham just said:

"You'll see to the hens, dear, won't you?" and left it at that, not inquiring how. And there, round a brand-new hen-house beyond the orchard, the hens stalked majestically, selecting here a slug and there a grain of corn in a haughty fashion as if it was hardly worthy of them.

Joan hated them from the start. She hated their silly voices grumbling away. She hated the golden beads of their eyes, watching her malevolently. She hated the egg-laying competitions that broke out all over the countryside just at that time. The talk at tea parties centred about the sickening birds almost entirely.

"My hens . . . My hens . . ." purred Mrs. Masham, as if they were Phoenix, and she boasted of the number of eggs they produced, always, Joan noted, adding on two for luck.

Alan Gordon came down to the cottage more frequently than ever at that time, and stood on the hearthrug looking large and handsome, and watched Joan over his teacup so obviously that even Mrs. Masham noticed.

She turned to Joan suddenly one morning, and said:

"Have you ever had an offer, dear?"

Joan said, breathlessly: "No, Mrs. Masham. I can't say that I . . ."

"Well, you're going to get one now. That nephew of mine apparently knows a good thing when he sees it. First time I've known him to show much common sense." Joan should have been pleased and

Do You Know The Secret of Always 'Feeling Well'

HEALTH and fitness are what Australia needs from everyone to-day. Feeling well, cheerful and youthful becomes a habit when you once discover what Bile Beans can mean to you.

Taken at bedtime, Bile Beans create "inner health" while you sleep. They ensure that regular elimination so essential to your well-being. They give you bright eyes and a clear skin. They tone you up and improve your health and vitality.

So, if you always want to feel well, cheerful and youthful, don't forget to take your Bile Beans regularly.



"I never enjoyed such wonderful health before. I sleep well and get up early every morning feeling ready for anything. It's all due to Bile Beans which have made me look years younger. I wouldn't miss my Bile Beans at bedtime for anything."
—Mrs. A. BUTLER.

BILE BEANS

(Pave the way to victory—buy War Savings Certificates)

THE SILK SHIRT

THEY were such good children when they were first married; so happy in their cottage, so much in love, and asking for little. Carol kept the small rooms shining with love as well as labor. Eddie wanted nothing save that Carol should be happy and there when he came home at night.

That was when Eddie was driving the truck for Mr. Swanson's grocery and he was up early at work every morning. Mr. Swanson had never had such a driver as Eddie. He paid Eddie more than a grocery-truck driver had ever been paid in Hilltown. He paid him eighteen dollars a week and gave him a rebate on his grocery bill and often gave the youngsters gifts of sample packages, premium plates or bowls — such things.

The store's customers liked Eddie. Now, eighteen dollars a week may not sound like much to some people. It depends on what one is accustomed to, and one might well be surprised at what Hilltown youngsters who put love first can do with eighteen dollars.

When Carol went out to the farm to see her family—and Mr. Swanson let Eddie take her out in the truck now and then on a Sunday—she always took a gift for someone. People are always rich when they have enough money for presents. Carol and Eddie gave gifts to each other, too. Carol bought Eddie a soft plaid washable tie one week, and scented shaving soap another. And Eddie gave Carol a pink china cup and saucer for her little shelf—a cup far too fine to drink from.

There was no detail of economy too small for their attention. Yet they were never niggardly, and they would entertain their young friends, Pete and Ellen, or Barney and Louise.

But of course that kind of thing can't go on forever—not in this world. And it began to look as though Eddie and Carol were going to be kicked upstairs out of their little heaven.

Carol was to remember long afterwards the very Sunday it started. She and Eddie had been out to the farm. Carol had been happy to see her family.

"I'm glad now that you and Eddie married when you did," Carol's mother said. "Eddie won't have to go in the draft, and since you've been married almost a year no one can say he did it a-purpose. Not that I wasn't proud of your pa," she added hastily, "proud that he went and did his duty the way he did. But it used to make him pretty bitter, him soldiering and his brother Dick working at Capitol City and making wages such as nobody ever heard of before . . . or since. When your pa came home at last in his old Army uniform, there was Dick to meet him in a grand new suit with pin cheeks, and a fine silk shirt."

Carol laughed. All of that was so far away and long ago she didn't see how even her mother could recall it. "I can't imagine Uncle Dick in a silk shirt," she said. "He's worn blue work shirts since I can remember."

It was nice to go out home, but what was really nice was to get back to their own place in the evening.

As soon as they reached home that Sunday, Carol donned her blue-and-white apron and made fresh tea and toast. Someone knocked on the front door, and it was Eddie's brother, Mike Brinson. Mike had been downstate to see about a job. He came in, full of excitement.

"It's this new Navy thing," Mike said. "I told you the Navy is going to put an ammunition dump down there in Hollow County where the land's no good. They're buying right

and left, thousands of acres, and they're going to have a big project—all kinds of building and grading and road making; going to lay a railroad track—everything."

"The Navy?" demanded Carol, and indeed it was the last thing to be expected in these midland hills.

"Yes, the Navy!" Mike mocked her. He was always teasing. "Look, Eddie, Pat Hoke, of Stone City, has a contract down there for some of the construction and I've a job with him, starting to-morrow, driving a truck. What do you think I'll be paid?"

Eddie didn't know.

"Seventy-five cents an hour, and time and a half for overtime. And we'll work fifty and sometimes sixty hours a week. Figure that up!" he said triumphantly.

"That's forty-one dollars and twenty-five cents for fifty hours," Carol said; and she added in a scandalized voice, "a week?"

Mike nodded, solemn as an owl. "Why," he said, "there'll be weeks I'll make fifty dollars, easy. All I need do is join the union."

They sat silent in the little house. They were small-town children of a depression. They had never heard of such wages.

"Gosh!" said Carol, and she and Eddie looked at Mike with new respect.

Mike looked at them from the height of his new wealth. "And that ain't all," Mike told them.

"Not all?" said Eddie.

"No," said Mike, "that ain't all. They're going to be short on drivers for the bulldozers. Mr. Hoke said if I can learn to handle one I can switch to that later. What do you think I'll make then?"

But Eddie and Carol quit without trying. They wouldn't guess.

"One dollar and a quarter an hour," said Mike. "It's the truth; and time and a half and double time."

"Well," said Eddie, "if that's so, you couldn't drive one."

"The heck I can't," said Mike.

"I'll show you whether I can or not. While you're working sixty hours a week for thirty cents an hour, I'll show you!"

After Mike was gone, Carol washed the dishes and Eddie wiped them. They didn't talk as much as usual. Long after they were in bed and Carol had slept and awakened again, Eddie was muttering to himself. "Forty-odd bucks for fifty hours," he said. "Can you imagine? For driving a truck! But of course such luck can't last. Mike will get caught in the draft sure."

"Oh, forget it," said Carol. "Mike's a bachelor. Let him work down there if he likes."

It seemed that Mike liked it all right. He lived at home in Hilltown. He got his father a job as timekeeper, and old Mr. Brinson quit the job at the mill where he had worked for thirty years. They drove back and forth to the project in a used car Mike bought. Eddie stayed on the grocery truck, but he was changed. He was moody now. He wasn't grateful to Mr. Swanson any more for paying him more than any grocery delivery boy had ever been paid before.

Carol didn't say much. She hated to see Eddie cross and not so much fun as he had been, but still, what could she say? She could hardly blame him for being touchy, with Mike coming in every Sunday, jingling money in his pockets, smoking cigars, and wearing new clothes and talking about buying a better car.

Then Pete got a job on the project and he and Ellen were married, and Barney and his brother started

driving a second car down. There were two carloads of men going down every morning and coming back every night, and all of them with more money than they were used to. Mike did get a new car. He took Carol and Eddie out to her father's farm, and Uncle Dick was there. The lane into the farmyard was bumpy and Carol's father came out anxiously.

"I'd hate for you to break a spring,

like a million dollars. And Uncle Dick looked like something the cat brought in—as usual. He was no one to talk to Mike that way. He got in his own old battered car and went home.

"And I must say I'm glad to see him go," said ma. "I never saw such a bitter man!"

Carol thought vaguely that it was supposed to be pa that was bitter, but she couldn't keep her mind on that, for she couldn't wait to tell their big news. The brothers, Mike and Eddie, looked at her and waited for her to tell it.

Carol drew a deep breath and said all at once . . . "and so Mike's going on the bulldozer and Eddie can have Mike's job. And Mike's going to lend Eddie the money to pay into the union and Eddie will drive the truck, and he'll drive down and back with Mike and Pa Brinson and Pete every day and pay his share of the gas."

Carol thought later that her folks had really let her down. They had just looked at her. Her father muttered something about what Eddie owed to Mr. Swanson. Later Eddie

Eddie came in, proud and delighted, decorated with dollar bills.

said he thought older folks were jealous when the young ones got ahead. Look at Uncle Dick.

"Well, yes, Uncle Dick," said Carol. "But I think my mother and father were just flabbergasted. You shouldn't say such things about them."

They had to get up awfully early the next morning. It took Mike an hour and a half to drive to the project, and as long to return. That first night Eddie was pretty tired. At eight-thirty he was in bed and sound sleep.

But Eddie was young and healthy, and he was soon accustomed to the new work and the long drive, and had energy left in the evenings. The first time he came home with two weeks' pay he came in like a monkey, grinning all over, with dollar bills stuffed in his hand and fanning out of his pockets. He had got his whole pay changed into one-dollar bills—104.35 dollars! They spread it all out on the table and counted it. They were rich. They had never seen so much money! Carol immediately took most of it over. She was going to save it.

Please turn to page 4

Dramatic short story by

MARGARET W. JACKSON

Mike," he said. "I've been meaning to fix that lane—"

"Oh, he wouldn't mind breaking a spring," said Uncle Dick, "or an axle, as far as that goes. It wouldn't cost more than thirty or forty dollars to get a thing like that fixed. And what is that to Mike? Peanuts!"

Mike looked at Uncle Dick with high disfavor, and Carol didn't blame Mike. Mike looked wonderful. He wore a new topcoat and new shoes and a hat with a feather in the band. He looked

The Silk Shirt

Continued from page 3

"SAVE IT!" cried Eddie. "Look, we can save money later, but now we're going to spend a little. You're going to have a fur coat."

"Me!" cried Carol. "Don't be silly!"

"Yes, you! We're going to get some clothes. I'm off this Saturday and we'll go to the city and shop!"

Saturday they were up bright and early and off on the bus.

Carol was shocked at how expensive clothes were in the big stores. She did finally consent to a fur coat, but it was a jacket, and Eddie paid only a part down. He purchased a whole new outfit for himself, and Carol got the other things she wanted. They opened charge accounts and everyone seemed eager to give them credit. But, oddly enough, when they reached home Carol didn't feel as she should at all. She just felt as her mother had acted—glum and silent. She wondered if rich people got tired just spending money.

Both Mike and Eddie were registered for Selective Service. Mike's number was an early one. Eddie was deferred.

It was truly wonderful, Carol thought, the way everything worked out just as Eddie planned it. Eddie and Mike decided that Eddie would take over the payments on Mike's car and they'd own it together when Mike got out of the Army. Mike taught Eddie how to run the bulldozer before he went away and Eddie was good at it.

So Mike was inducted into the Army, and there Eddie was, earning 1.25 dollars an hour, with time and a half for overtime, and double

time for Sundays—and there was always overtime and there was often a full day's work on Sunday. It was a shame to take the money, Eddie said. That is, he said so at first.

Eddie was a generous soul, and now he simply couldn't begin to count the things he wanted Carol to have. He bought all the electric gadgets possible, and fancy jewelry. Their small house was crowded with things.

Carol invited both families for Thanksgiving dinner. They could hardly squeeze into the small rooms, but she borrowed card tables and folding chairs. She roasted a turkey in her electric roaster. She was very proud and happy. Uncle Dick was there, and he proved to be somewhat of a death's-head at the feast.

"Remember the Thanksgiving after Joe got home from the war?" Uncle Dick said to Carol's mother, who only blushed. "Remember that one? Tee-hee. Remember the silk shirt?" said Uncle Dick.

"No one wears silk shirts any more, Uncle Dick," said Carol.

"Oh, don't they just!" her uncle cried.

When Ma Brinson praised the silver, Uncle Dick said, "Sure, it's nice, but it's not sterling. Nothing but sterling should be good enough for Eddie." And when Carol's mother spoke of the pink cup, Uncle Dick said, "Sure, but it ain't Haviland!"

"Maybe it don't suit you?" Eddie said. "Well, I can get Carol a better one," and he got up and swept the little cup and saucer onto the floor, and Carol gave a cry as

though he had thrown her heart down and broken it.

"Oh, Eddie," she wept, "my pink cup—my pretty pink cup you gave me for our first anniversary when we'd just been married one month!"

When the party was over, Carol sat on the stool in the kitchen with the pieces of the pink cup folded in her apron in her lap, and she cried and cried. Eddie couldn't stand it and he finally slammed out of the house and came home long after midnight.

It was several days before matters were even fairly normal between Carol and Eddie. Eddie felt bad, Carol could see that. He brought her a new cup, but Carol didn't like it and she put it back of her other dishes. It seemed to her that the bulldozer had changed Eddie's disposition. When he drove the grocery wagon he wanted to please everyone. Now he flew off the handle at the slightest opposition.

"I don't know why we live in this playhouse," he said. "And all this old furniture. Trash! We want new furniture and another house."

"But where could we move?"

"You know that house Mr. Swanson built for his mother? We could rent that for forty dollars a month and have plenty to pay in instalments on new furniture, too. Then we could have company and have room for people."

So Carol went to the city with Eddie on his next day off, but she was quite listless and let him choose everything. He made a down payment, and the rest was to be paid as they paid everything—in definitely, by instalments. Carol said the rent wasn't up on the cottage and she would dispose of the old things herself. So the cottage was locked and Eddie never even asked her what she did with "the junk."

Uncle Dick came in one night when they had friends, and were drinking real Scotch and singing. "You can't really sing on good liquor," he told them. "That requires baihtub gin. But, Carol, let me catch you drinking and I'll spank you myself and then tell your mother!"

"Oh, I don't, Uncle Dick," cried Carol.

Eddie resented that. Eddie asked Carol who she thought she was. He told her she was always whining around, and he said this in front of their friends. So Carol went into the bedroom and really cried, and Ellen followed her.

"I don't know what's the matter with him!" Carol sobbed.

"Oh, he's just too big for his pants," said Ellen. "Everyone knows it. He can't stand prosperity. He's the laughing stock of the town. The big shot!"

"Don't you say that!" flared Carol. "Eddie's all right. He just never had any money, and now he wants to have some fun. But don't think I'll let you say a word against him!"

Eddie was in the doorway and Carol bit her lip. "Talking behind my back, eh?" said Eddie.

"Oh, shut up, you big ape!" Ellen said, and she left.

"So you have to make excuses to your friends for me, eh?" Eddie said. "Well, listen, no small-time, small-town girl is going to do that to me!"

He reached out and caught hold of her and shook her. Carol slapped him in the face as hard as she could hit him. He let her go at once, and she began to cry, and she got out her old suitcase and packed it.

"Carol—" Eddie began. "Don't Carol me! I'm through!" She bounced past him and out of the house and was gone. By the time Eddie got oriented and in motion he could not find her. She was really gone!

In the morning Eddie went downtown for his breakfast, and when he picked his father up he told him to make some other arrangement about riding, because he, Eddie, was going to get a room as near the job as he could find one and stay down there.

He'd let the house go back to Mr. Swanson, and the furniture company could have the furnishings. Carol had evidently left him for good.

Eddie stayed on the job and worked every hour that he could get. He got thinner than ever. He was sick with worry.

One day he got in line for his pay, and when he picked up the envelope his father informed him abruptly that the job was ended. Eddie

was dazed. He sought Pat Hoke.

"Sure," said the contractor. "Hain't you noticed?" He laughed. He made a motion towards the level foundation work.

"Well, yes," said Eddie. "I knew we were through here, but how about all this other work? How about the roads and the loading platforms—how about all that?"

"You'll have to see the main contractor about that," said Pat Hoke. "This is all I've contracted for. Better report to your union. They'll send you to another job, and I'll speak to the boss contractor for you."

Eddie put his pay in his pocket. He felt dizzy. If he reported to the union, he would have to go where they sent him. But he didn't want to go away. He didn't want to go another foot away from Carol.

He went to visit his mother, and tried to act big, but he couldn't pull it off. He said, at last, "Ma, where is Carol?"

"In the cottage," his mother said. "She never gave it up. She went there that night. She's working at the variety store."

Eddie felt pretty funny. There she was, and here he was. She had a job and a home; he couldn't ask her for anything. Abruptly he said good-bye to his mother, and left.

He didn't know where to go. He started towards town, and then he heard a light step behind him, a light running foot that sent the blood pounding into his heart, and he turned swiftly.

Carol flung herself at him headlong, and he caught her and held her, and life flowed back into him.

"Why don't you come home where you belong?" she cried indignantly. "Why do you think I've kept the place going, if not for you to come home to? What are you doing wandering around? Uncle Dick told me you'd been laid off and were at home. I was just coming after you."

"After the way I acted—" he mumbled. "And now I'm out of work."

"After the way we both acted," she said.

The little cottage was heaven. It was paradise. Eddie felt his very soul expand. He came back into the fragrance that almost made him dizzy. It spoiled things a little that Uncle Dick was there, but Eddie wasn't quarrelling with his luck. He was polite to Uncle Dick.

Eddie helped Carol. He stooped and kissed the back of her neck, and he was shaking like a leaf. He couldn't believe he was here with her.

"I HAVEN'T any right—" he said. "I haven't any job."

"Sure you have. Mr. Swanson wants you back, but first let's eat supper," and she kissed him swiftly.

Uncle Dick said, "I brought you a present." He got up and brought a package to the table. He opened it. They looked in astonishment. It was a silk shirt, frayed at the neck, yellow with age, split at the seams.

Uncle Dick said, "It's from me to you, Eddie. Because no one since me has ever succeeded in making such a complete darn fool of himself. It's like seeing the same old film run again. Only when I woke up I had mortgaged the farm my father left me."

Uncle Dick looked old and tired. Carol resolved passionately that Eddie would never look so.

Uncle Dick said, "Every American, at some time or other, gets a chance at the real money. How he acts then determines everything that follows."

Eddie just sat there. He thanked Uncle Dick for the shirt. His voice was quiet. After Uncle Dick was gone, Carol bundled the shirt out of sight.

"To-morrow you sleep," she said. "Then you can go to see Mr. Swanson. Now, don't worry. We'll be all right. We're together again, and that's the big thing."

Carol slipped off in the morning, but when she came home at noon Eddie was up, shaved and dressed and clean. He had luncheon prepared. He had a telegram from Pat Hoke, who said the main contractor would put Eddie on a bulldozer, starting the next Monday, on the road job. Same wages, but no overtime.

"Oh, Eddie," Carol said, "please don't. Take the job with Mr. Swanson again."

"No," said Eddie, sober as an owl, terribly grown up. "I've thought it all out. I remember what Uncle Dick said when he gave me the shirt. Every American gets one chance. Well, I'm lucky; I'm getting a second chance. And I think I should take it. We'll stay right here. We'll pay all the bills. We'll save for a home of our own, with a garden. I promise, Carol, I won't spend a cent without your agree to it. Only you must quit work and stay home and cook and keep house."

"That's all I want to do," said Carol, with both arms around his neck. "And I love you, Eddie, and I think you're wonderful!"

(Copyright)

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Mrs. Nicholas Ridgely Du Pont

This lovely member of the distinguished American family, has for years followed the Pond's beauty ritual. She says, "I just love the way Pond's Creams leave my skin so smooth and fresh." The world's loveliest and most distinguished women use Pond's Cold and Vanishing Cream. These two creams are made for each other—and they're made to give you the same skin beauty as the loveliest women in the world.



Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR
AND KNITWEAR

THE INCREDIBLE JEEP

Hilariously funny
serial of camp life

By

C. B. KELLAND

THE STORY SO FAR:

*F*AR more at home with odd jobs than soldiering, ULYSSES TECUMSEH CLAP gets himself into serious trouble soon after joining the United States Army.

Finding Fifth Columnist pamphlets in his trunk, he hides them in GENERAL SHELTON'S filing cabinet, which he has been detailed to mend. But the General has ordered the whole camp to be searched for subversive literature, and the pamphlets are found while he is interviewing visiting Congressmen.

Ulysses is tempted to confide in HARVE STONE, a friendly draftee who has shown interest in him and his inventions. He does not dare, however, but NANCY SHELTON, the General's niece, learns of his predicament, and takes him off for a picnic, while the General flies in fury to Washington.

During their picnic, Ulysses and Nancy see some civilians and Broken-nose, a draftee whom Ulysses has fought, hiding gasoline and Fifth Columnist pamphlets in an old ice-house.

NOW READ ON:

ULYSSES TECUMSEH awoke next morning to find that he was lonesome, and as he analysed the sensation he discovered it came from the fact that it was Sunday and he had nothing to do. Of course, he could work on his invention, but he had to wait for Harve Stone's return with certain gadgets before he could go ahead effectively.

He was aware that Broken-nose was evincing him unpleasantly from his bed and that Private Stevens, that quiet, retiring young man, was looking at him in a curious and speculative manner.

"Morning, drip," said Broken-nose. "Lav off," said Stevens.

"He don't need to lav off," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"Suckin' around the general for a soft job," said Broken-nose.

"Which you'd jump at if you could get it," said Stevens.

"Now, you listen," said Ulysses Tecumseh drearily. "I got plenty of troubles. I don't like troubles. I don't want any more than I have. I never had any troubles till I got in the army, or any fights. But all I rotta say is this: I guess I've reached my limit."

"Says what?" asked Broken-nose.

"The troubles I got," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "are so kind of big and serious that just a row with anybody where you get a knock on the nose don't count. So you better leave me be. You better pipe down. It looks like you don't learn easily. I licked you once and I licked you twice."

Broken-nose reared on his elbow and looked astonished. "I can lick you eighteen times if I got to, but I don't want to take the trouble."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Stevens.

"What I got on my mind," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "is not city toughs with broken noses. I got Fifth Columnists on my mind, and generals that have tantrums and the articles of war and all like that where you get sent to the guard-house for life."

"What's that there about Fifth Columnists?" asked Broken-nose.

"I don't just see why they want to act like they do. I don't get the idea. I read one of those pamphlets, and it was kind of cock-eyed, as you might say. I think they are just folks that can't get along with anybody, so they are mad at everybody."

"Keep talkin'," said Broken-nose.

"From what I hear about them, these Fifth Columnists don't aim to help anybody. They just aim to stir up trouble."

"Maybe," said Stevens, "that's their way of drawing attention to

their unfair lot in life—oppression, misery, hunger, and want.

"It is a bad way," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "But, in spite of them, I got a kind of a notion things are going to be better for everybody one of these days. The world is taking notice more than it used to. I guess there is a wish abroad in the world to make things more fair than they used to be. If you can get enough folks wishing things would be fair, then things are pretty apt to get to be fair."

"But you can't bring it about with meanness nor persecution—nor sudden jerks and punches. Before you can change the way men do, you got to change the way men think."

Broken-nose snorted. "You oughta git a soapbox," he said. And then, cryptically, "You had me fooled."

Ulysses Tecumseh found he was feeling better, so he got up and dressed and washed. By this time he had made up his mind how he would spend the day. He would spend it trying to please the general, so that when the general came home he would be both surprised and delighted.

He would go to the general's quarters and work hard all day and get a great deal done. And if he could only manage to do something special that would give the general pleasure it might soften him and make him regard the past more indulgently.

He walked around the parade ground and was admitted by First-Class Private Wilson, who eyed him with some surprise.

"I want to get some work done before the general comes home," said Ulysses.

"If I was in your shoes," Wilson said ominously. "I would desert and join the Siamese navy."

"I have an idea," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "that I think will make the general forget about those accidents."

"It better be good, like, for instance, promoting him to full general," said Wilson.

Ulysses Tecumseh selected lumber to suit his purpose and went to work without preliminary fiddling around. He knew exactly what he was going to fashion, because he had made something not dissimilar to it on a former occasion. He was a careful and exact workman. When he sawed a board it was the right length; when he made a measurement it fitted.

It was fortunate the general was absent, because Ulysses Tecumseh was profuse with shavings and sawdust.

First-Class Private Wilson came to the door every now and then to take observations and make disquieting remarks.



"Looks kind of like a manger," he said critically. "I don't think the general will like to eat out of a manger."

"It is not a manger," said Ulysses. "Or a milkin' stool for an elephant. The general don't like elephants. I never see the general mad like he was. He was fit to be tied. Elephant milking stools won't pacify him."

"This is something he will like very much," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"You should of heard them congressmen!" Wilson said. "Like they was goin' to deport the general as an undesirable alien."

By noon Ulysses Tecumseh's gift began to take definite shape, but it baffled First-Class Private Wilson. It did not look like a trough. It bore some resemblance to a receptacle for growing ferns. It had legs like, but unlike, a table.

Ulysses dashed on through the woods, imagining the entire camp in vengeful pursuit.

"You can't appease him with no birdhouse," Wilson said, and disappeared into the kitchen.

Ulysses Tecumseh contented himself with a glass of milk and a handful of crackers provided by Wilson at noon, because time pressed.

The general would return to-morrow, and he desired to have the gift completed and ready for presentation immediately. He did not see how the general could proceed to unpleasant extremities against an individual who had just presented him with an extremely original piece of furniture for his quarters. You cannot proceed harshly against an individual who has just earned your gratitude.

"The general he won't take to

keepin' bees," said Wilson from the kitchen door.

"It is not a beehive," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"Then why don't you sound off what it is?" demanded Wilson.

"Because it is a surprise," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "and I wish it to be an exclusive surprise for the general."

"Sometimes he acts funny when he gets surprised," said Wilson dubiously.

"This is the kind of a surprise he will take pleasure in," Ulysses Tecumseh said confidently.

"Five will get you ten he don't," said Wilson.

Please turn to page 18

Gripping Drama of the Sea

Yeller

BY WILFRED DAVIS

BILL SUMMERS, fireman, spat contemptuously. "I said you was yeller, you rat," he repeated. "Yeller clear through. Alwus yelpin', alwus whinin' about somethin'. 'Rats leave a sinkin' ship,' sez you. Pity one I knows don't leave it."

He pulled deeply at his mug, wiped his mouth with a grimy hand and glared fiercely at the diminutive figure cringing in the corner.

Under the crude scorn in Summers' voice, the cringing became more pronounced.

"Aw, lay off'n me," he whined. "I ain't yeller. The ole tub's rotten and you knows it. Perishin' murderers, that's what they are. Us blokes wouldn't 'ave a chance. Rotten plates, rotten engines. Fair fallin' to bits, that's what. An' you'n me 'ud be caught like . . ."

"If you sez 'rats' again," roared Summers, "I'll knock yer teeth down yer neck. Shut up, blast yer, an' clear out!"

The cringing figure, Jim Smedding—but more often known as "Soapy"—subsided with a whimper. His figure was small, his clothing dirty and ragged.

Born of a drunken wanton, cast on an unheeding world before he even knew the meaning of home, kicked and beaten by all and sundry, his narrow little soul had been early stunted and what courage he had inherited from his blustering, accidental father long since dissipated.

The third member of the trio—Jack Martin—looked disparagingly at him, but in his glance was a streak of compunction. Poor little cuss, no guts, that's all; always in a "sweat" about drowning or getting hurt. All the same Bill was riding him pretty hard.

Martin gave a hitch to his stained trousers.

"Can it, Bill," he said laconically. "Leave the little cuss alone. Ain't hurtin' yer, is he? 'Ave a drink?"

You, too, "Soapy," he added. Only partially mollified by this offer of refreshment, Summers snorted.

"Leave 'im alone," he said. "I wouldn't touch 'im with a slice bar." He turned a broad back on the object of his scorn.

"You don't know the 'arf of it," he said. "Seven bleedin' weeks e's been 'owlin'. Every blasted watch. 'Arf the blokes 'a' got the wind up through 'im yellin'."

"Oh, put a sock in it," said Martin, burying his face in his mug.

The wharf presented the usual scene attendant upon a ship's departure to sea. A constant stream of porters, passengers and luggage emerged from the crowds on the planking and threaded its way up the broad gangway. The clatter of many voices, the rattle of winches

blended into a discordant monotone.

Smoke wreathing from her two stacks, the s.s. Olivera was ready for sea. Paintwork gleaming, spacious decks spotless, she made a proud picture as she impatiently submitted to the clamor of these last few minutes at the wharf. Twenty thousand tons of her pulsing with the restrained power of her giant boilers, she gave every appearance of ocean-conquering might.

Stewards scurried across her decks, bewildered passengers sought vainly for baggage long ago whisked below, or yelled incoherent last-minute farewell to friends on the wharf. The gangway was drawn back, mooring warps fell from the bollards; the mammoth sirens hurled their white-tongued blast across the harbor; down in the bowels of the ship the engine-room telegraph sounded; the water underneath the trim stern boiled; the Olivera commenced another voyage.

"Soapy" leaning against the bulwarks of the forward well-deck, sucked his teeth disconsolately as he watched, with bleary eyes, the receding shore. His low-grade mind was obsessed by his fear.

He'd seen more rats running down the warps to the wharf. He'd watched for them, and he hadn't been disappointed. Rats leaving a sinking ship. The rats knew all

right. They wouldn't get drowned. They wouldn't be trapped in a stifling stokehold, filled with scalding steam, way down below the water-line. Not they. They'd hooked it ashore. He wished he had. Better a few days in quod than the rest of time in Davy Jones' locker. Rats leave. . . He turned away and went into the noisome firemen's quarters.

Bill Summers, somewhat drunk, bleared at him.

"Ulo Yeller," he said thickly. "Bin countin' the bleedin' rats? Why don't yer get th' ol' man ter keep 'em on board. Then"—he winked owllehly—"the blinkin' boat wouldn't sink."

"Fink yer funny, don't yer!" snapped "Soapy," anger overcoming his usual tenuity. "Well, yer jus' wait, that's all. See if I'm not right. Sink, that's what."

"Alwus croakin', ain't yer," sneered Summers, rolling over* in his bunk. "Well, yer can jus' can it. If I 'ears yer at it again, I'll paste yer, see?"

"Soapy" passed on to his bunk and crawled, all standing, between filthy blankets. Clever, ain't he, he thought. Well, he'd see. He ("Soapy") knew, "Yeller." Maybe he was, but he didn't want to drown. Maybe Summers'd squeal when scalding steam rolled the skin from his carcase.

The days slipped away; the Olivera's high stem ploughed

through sunlit, smiling water. The long wake streamed away behind. Her passengers trod the spotless decks, played the deck sports all such passengers play. The usual ship-board romances sprang up, gained strength or waned as seaborne fancy fluctuated.

The meal times were colorful hours of life and laughter; the nights, star-hung and luminous, resounded to the music of the ship's orchestra. The Olivera moved majestically on, decks,

public rooms, and cabins brilliantly lighted, peopled by the happy, care-free passengers.

Below, far removed from the immaculate crowd, sweating men labored in overheated compartments to keep the hungry furnaces fed. Steam rumbling in the big boilers gave power to the twin giants of steel, thrusting on piston heads, sending the huge connecting rods up and down. The huge cranks whirled, the shining shafts drove the monster screws, forcing twenty thousand tons of steel, wood and brass, with its human freight, over the long leagues of sea.

Outwardly a proud ship, well-found from the high-flying house-flag to the red-painted keel, the Olivera ploughed northward. Paint, polish and panelling, however, may hide a myriad weaknesses. Rust, weak plates, cracked frames, leaking bulkheads, shorn rivets, the thousand-and-one ailments of an old vessel. The passengers saw only the bright skin; the rotting core was hidden from them.

MacFarlane, chief engineer, climbed to the captain's quarters. Two furrows creased the stern forehead. Worry put them there and also accounted for his visit.

Entering in response to the captain's curt "Come," he found the latter reclining comfortably in an easy chair. Smithers was a good man, he knew, but certainly took things easily.

"Hullo, Mac," he said, greeting his visitor. "Drink?"



Australian author Wilfred Davis won £200 prize in our £2000 Fiction contest with this Adventure story

These two were old shipmates and little ceremony existed between them. MacFarlane helped himself liberally from the decanter and sat down.

"Skipper," he said abruptly, "you'd better slow down."

"Blowed if I will," replied Smithers. "We're only logging fifteen as it is."

"Well, it's not for me to give you your sailing orders, Skipper," said MacFarlane, "but you'll be pushing the engines through the bottom if you go on much longer. She's uncommon rotten, and she's making a devil of a lot of water. Had to rig the main pumps in the afternoon watch to clear the stokehold. Nearly lapping the fire-bars. Confounded hell-hole full of steam."

Captain Smithers pulled one ear thoughtfully.

"H'm," he mused, "as bad as that, eh? Poor old girl; falling to pieces. Mate tells me she's chewed off a few more rivets and opened up a plate in the forepeak. Still the forward bulkhead's looking after that."

"All right, Mac," he went on, "we'll ease a bit. There'll be a ruddy noise with the company, though."

He reached for the telephone. "Give me the bridge," he ordered. Then, "Oh, Mathieson, ring her down to thirteen. Yes, thirteen." He hung up.

"Warn your officers to keep their mouths shut, Mac," he said. "We don't want the passengers talking."

Mac nodded briefly and gulped his whisky. "I'll get back to it," he said, and drifted out of the cabin.

Captain Smithers gazed at the ceiling. Every trip worse. He didn't like it, but what could he do? The company wouldn't spend money unless the passengers could see the result. Necessary repairs were cut to a minimum. In the engine-room Mac's replacements and spares were ruthlessly chopped. An old ship cost a lot of money to run, and the *Olivera* was old.

"Soapy," down in the sweltering stokehold, wiped his face with a filthy sweatrag and returned to his endless shovelling. Every shovelful fell accurately on the roaring fires. Mechanically almost he performed his task: shovelling, slicing, raking. The white-hot glare played over his sweating body, the blistering heat seemed to sear his very eyeballs.

Alongside him, Bill Summers, his massive frame dwarfing the shrunken "Soapy," swung his shovel with rhythmic precision. The dancing light from the open furnace doors threw into high relief the bulging muscles; the uncouth figure attained a beauty all its own as the strong arms working from the poised body wielded the implements of his calling.

"Soapy" glanced at him enviously. The puny brain, the little mean soul realised vaguely that this was a man. A man, unafraid. A cursing, hard-drinking male, revelling in his strength, shouting to high heaven his defiance. He compared himself with big Bill. Undersized, cringing, afraid. What was it Bill said . . . "Yeller." He knew it; he was afraid. Afraid of the rotten, leaking hull, the fires, the rumbling steam, the death-trap of the stokehold. "Yeller." His coward's imagination pictured the inrush of water, the bursting boilers, the life-taking agony of the scalding steam . . . Mechanically he tended his fires.

Suddenly, as he changed shovel for slice-bar and kicked open the furnace door, he saw something which stopped his heart.

"Bill," he yelled, "look, look. The blasted boat's sinkin'. Sinkin', I tell yer."

He jumped for the ladder and Bill's ham-like fist crashed into his ribs and flung him half-senseless on the coals.

"Stow yer gab," roared Summers. "Just because a bit of the bilge shows up, we're sinkin'. Get up and swing that shovel."

He booted the whimpering figure, and returned to his own fires. All the same he wondered a little. The dirty, ash-laden water was pretty high. Got much higher the fires would suffer. When changing watch Martin had told him the ship was making water fast. Said they'd had the big pumps going to clear the pits.

Looked as if they'd better get them going again.

Shrugging his shoulders he resumed his task. Blast it, it wasn't his worry. His job was to swing coal.

The watch wore on, the water didn't gain, but, despite the clank of the pumps, it didn't recede either. "Soapy" watched it fearfully. Sinkin', that's what she was. The rats had left her, hadn't they? He was sick with terror; his ribs ached where Bill had hit him. The rats . . . He didn't want to die.

Captain Smithers climbed to the bridge. Here he glanced at course and compass card, and addressed the watch officer.

"Blowing up pretty heavily," he said. "We'll get it to-night. Pass the word to secure everything forward."

For a while he stood watching the growing sea. The blue had given place to leaden grey; here and there white caps appeared. The wind thrummed its tremolo of sound through the rigging. As yet the *Olivera* wasn't feeling it. The old hull moved steadily through the advancing seas; only the louder crash of disturbed water indicated that the hillocks of the sea were increasing in size.

He paced the broad width of the ship. If the glass was any indication, it would be a bad blow. He didn't want it either. Mac was more than ever pessimistic regarding the ship, and she certainly was taking in a lot of water. A bad blow might open her up properly. That would be bad, as the pumps had quite enough to do as it was. Refit at the end of this voyage was certain. If he knew anything that meant a few weeks "on the beach."

With the passing hours the storm attained increasing ferocity. The proud ship thrashed on through it. Racing seas swept past her sleek sides; the twenty thousand tons of her shook and reeled with the weight of their onslaught. Always, however, the queuing stem lifted, the streaming forefoot broke clear of creaming water, to plunge anew and under the next oncoming comber.

As usual, the passenger decks blazed with life. A few passengers sought their cabins as the motion became more pronounced. The music leavened the rush of the wind. No anxiety entered the minds of the travelling people. A good ship, well officered. Of what moment was a bit of a storm?

On the bridge, the watch officer peered anxiously through the weather-glasses. Skipper had warned him the ship needed nursing. Something was wrong, very wrong, below. Her speed was less than half.

He watched a seaman clawing his way bridgeward, and turned to meet him.

"What's the trouble, bos'n?" he asked.

The man touched a lank forelock. "She's crashin' pretty bad, sir," he said. "The rivets are poppin' all roads. She won't stand much more without amashin' something."

"You'd better report to the captain."

The bos'n turned away. Presently Captain Smithers arrived on the bridge.

"All right, Kennard," he said. "I'll take over. Get up forward and see what's doing. Make it lively, too. I don't like the sound of it."

Kennard hurried away; the captain called through the engine-room voice-pipe.

"Mac," he called. "I'm ringing her down. Keep easing until I tell you to hold it. Old sow's coming apart forward. How're things down there?"

Distorted by the tubes, Mac's voice came back.

"Laddie, it no so good," he said. "Crank pits are full and the old girl's slashin' water all over. Stokehold crew are having trouble. Place is full of steam and stink."

"What about your pumps?"

"Doing all they can on the steam I've got," answered the engineer. "Get a bit more out of 'em now we've eased."

Please turn to page 8

Groping in the soul-searing mist, he found Bill's unconscious form.

SMITHERS dropped the voice-pipe and turned to meet Kennard.

"Well?" he queried.

"Pretty bad, sir," replied Kennard, shaking his head. "The ship's working like the devil up forward. The whole forepeak's flooded and the leading bulkhead's bulging with the weight. Have to shore it inside, I think, sir. Won't hold much longer."

"Call away the hands you need and get on with it," ordered the captain. "Just a minute," he went on. "Make a certainty of it, Kennard. MacFarlane's got his work cut out to keep the water down as it is, and we don't want our fires drowned out."

The time wore on. Smoke pouring from her two funnels, the *Olivera* staggered along. Leaping seas crashed against her; green, white-flecked water drove aboard. Hurling spray rattled against taut weathercloths. Reeling to the thrust of the storm the old ship lurched and plunged. Alternately the racing screws faunted skywards; the weakened stem roared upwards. The creaking and groaning of the working hull gave evidence of its puny endeavor against the pent-up forces of Nature.

"Soapy" and Bill Summers, with the remainder of their watch, fought their way to the stokehold ladder. The weight of the wind made progress difficult and Bill hauled the shivering "Soapy" along by main strength. At length they stood on the steel floor of the fireroom.

Martin accosted Bill. "What's it like up top?" he asked. "It's lousy here, ruddy water's everywhere. Old crate leaking like a sieve, and the chief's yellin' for more steam."

Bill grinned at him, and spat on his hands.

"More steam is it?" he cried. "Here, let a stoker show 'im what steam is. Lot o' squealers. 'Cos the old girl's takin' in a bit, the whole ruddy world's fallin' down."

He turned towards his furnaces.

Yeller

"Watch yer step outside," he called over his shoulder. "It's blowin' some and she's lively."

For a while he flung coal into the roaring fires, trimmed them and, with the skill of long practice, got the maximum heat out of them. "Soapy," white-faced through the dirt and sweat, toiled alongside him.

In a brief respite, Bill, balanced on the reeling footplates, watched him. Queer cuss, wasn't he? He (Bill) could squash him with one hand. Miserable little body, half-starved. Good stoker, though. Knew where to put the coal, which was a sight more than some of them did.

The watch progressed; the heavy air was thick with steam, the footplates awash. Despite their efforts, boiler pressures were falling. The

main engines were only keeping stearage way on the vessel; the clanking pumps fought the rising flood. Already they were being over-driven, but still the water gained.

"Soapy," terror in his every move, spread his coal evenly. The thin, undernourished frame, swaying to the lurch of the ship, glistened with sweat. The puny brain worked on. Steam, more steam; they had to have it. Sinkin', that's what. Look at the water. The rats. Gawd, the rats knew.

Suddenly he heard Bill's voice.

"Soapy," it said. "You'n me's th' best o' this bunch. We'll give 'em steam. Ain't gettin' near enough coal into her. Go on, you work your side and I'll do mine."—"Soapy" hesitated—"Go on," yelled Bill. "Dyer want the boat to sink? Get goin'."

Steadily, furnace by furnace, these two—giant and pigmy—worked apart. Lagging firemen spurred to new effort, faltering fires built up, steam gauges climbed.

Back at their own doors, Bill wiped the dirt from his sweat-streaked face.

"Good goin', mate," he said, with more cordiality than he had ever before exhibited. "Keep it up; we'll show the blighters."

"Soapy" grinned in a sickly fashion. "Tain't much good," he said. "Water's gainin' all the time. She's sinkin', Bill."

Summers glared, all the cordiality wiped from his mind.

"Fer two pins I'd flatten ye with this!" he yelled. He brandished his shovel dangerously. "Get on with it, an' shut up."

"Soapy," terrorised alike by the filthy water washing at his feet, the foetid steam from the ashpits, and the always menacing presence of Bill, labored on. His puny body almost dropped with fatigue, his thin arms ached, but always his shovel delivered the coal to its appointed place.

THE wet and staggering plates made standing difficult. "Soapy," his fears im-buing him with superhuman in-stinct, swayed in unison with the reeling floor. Bill, not so fortunate, slipped against the blistering fire-door and fell back with a badly-burned arm.

Cursing with pain he tied a filthy rag on the injury and tried to carry on. A few minutes later, standing awkwardly in an endeavor to shield the burn from the cruel glare of the furnaces, he slipped again. This time, shoulder and face got it; his scream of agony cut through the din of the fireroom as the white-hot iron roasted the flesh pressed against it.

"Soapy" jumped to his aid. The lean frame strained as he drew his massive mate away from the boiler face and stretched him on the coal. Bill was "out," his flesh burned and shriveled. "Soapy," his stomach heaving, turned away. He had two banks of fires now.

Piston-like the thin arms plunged. Clanging firedoors, suffocating smoke and steam, blistering heat and washing water absorbed his whole being. Dimly he knew he was near-ing exhaustion; vaguely he remem-bered his terror; but vividly he knew he must shovel coal. His fires and Bill's.

It came without warning. With a roar of soul-chilling might the tubes of one of the port boilers col-lapsed. Super-heated steam—the steam that shreds the flesh from the bones, burst upon them. Screaming in their agony, the stokehold crew fought for the ladders. "Soapy" with them.

Panic mad, yelping in their pain, they gained the deck. Salt spray, wind-lashed, whipped their naked bodies. Eyes scalded and blinded, the flesh peeling from them, they collapsed on deck. "Soapy," his back a raw, scalded mass, sank whimpering at the ladder-head. Fly-ing metal had laid his shoulder open and blood streamed from him.

Winning with the agony he suf-fered, he struggled to his feet. Around him lay the stokehold crew. With pain-wide eyes he gazed at them. Where was Bill? He wasn't there. Bill was "out" on the coal below.

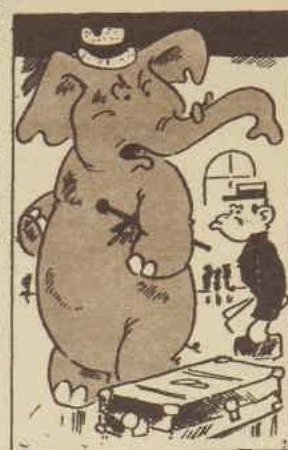
Something in the mean, starved soul awakened. The weak, pain-riven body responded. The puny brain registered. Bill. The man who had kicked him, ridiculed his fears, called him "Yeller" wasn't with them. Somewhere, down on the coal, his unconscious body was being boiled alive. Alone, helpless, enduring horrible death in a steel tomb filled with live steam, "Soapy" whimpered anew as the picture was flung into vivid relief on the tablets of his mind.

Blindly, self forgotten, he turned back to the ladder. His lacerated back, raw flesh, and bleeding shoulder dim figments of his fail-ing faculties, he climbed, rung by rung, into the inferno below. Swirl-ing billows of steam, the suffocating fumes of part-burnt coal, the stench of sea-water and oil clouded about him.

Inch by inch he fought his way into the white death. Choking as the cruel vapor scalded his lungs, screaming as the heat bit deeper into his raw back, he lowered him-self to the submerged footplates.

He edged a precarious passage from the ladder. Gropping in the soul-searing mist, he found Bill's unconscious form. Scarcely able to see, tortured to the point of num-bness, he dragged the huge bulk towards the ladder-foot. Waves of nausea enveloping him, he got de-

Animal Antics



"Hep, porter! Grab my trunk and no wisecracks!"

nenth the heavy body of his in-jured mate. With his breath whistling in his damaged throat, he clawed frantically at the steel tracks. The weight on his shredded back sent lightning streaks of pain through him, driving from his brain the encroaching unconsciousness.

Pitifully, the puny body fought upwards; the starved soul, awakened at last, battled on. Pain forgotten, breath coming in strangling gasps, eyes burned almost to sightlessness, his whole world the steel ladder and the weight on his back, "Soapy" struggled slowly upwards.

The poor brain, shocked into coma almost, delivered its faltering mes-sages to overtaxed muscles; on aching, over-strained limbs "Soapy" won the deck.

Willing hands, toll-hardened yet gentle withal, lifted the two figures tenderly to the planking. "Soapy" never knew that part of it. The little mean soul, spreading in those stupendous moments into self-sacrificing splendor, had fled the battered body. His sightless eyes stared upwards; beneath the dirt and the blood, the nondescript face was set in lines of peace; the torn lips smiled in death. The "rat" had left the sinking ship.

Two days later, the *Olivera*, little better than a hulk, floated in a calm sea. From all directions, called by wireless, ocean grayhounds were steaming to her assistance. Buoyant only by reason of her surviving watertight compartments, she waited her approaching doom.

Gone the life and the laughter; gone the cheery crowd. Her pas-sengers, subdued and afraid, watched anxiously for the succoring vessels. Gaunt, weary-eyed officers urged her exhausted crew in their pre-parations for abandoning the sinking hull.

Aft, a silent company surrounded a flag-enshrouded figure. Huskily, the captain completed the burial service at sea and raised an arm. Uncouth yet reverent hands tilted the pallet. "Soapy" slid silently into the sea, his long, last resting-place. The blue waters closed over him.

Bill Summers, bandage-swathed, leaned heavily on Martin's shoulder. His burnt face worked painfully.

"Take us below, Jack," he said brokenly. "O, God, an' I said the little runt was 'Yeller'."

(Copyright)

THEY SAID I'D ALWAYS BE AN
"OLD MAID"
BUT LOOK AT
ME NOW!
Read my story



I WAS FED UP with dull old "hen parties". The girls were nice enough, but somehow I always felt out of the picture. When they raved about babies, all I could talk of was my job.



I DIDN'T THINK SUCH AN EFFECTIVE SOAP COULD BE SO MILD, BUT MY SKIN TELLS ME LIFEBOUOY IS ABOUT THE MILDEST SOAP I'VE EVER USED!



ONE AFTERNOON I overheard: "Poor Ruth! I could introduce her to lots of charming men but what's the use?" a friend was saying. "That dreadful 'B.O.' would make an old maid of anybody!"

SO THAT WAS WHY men gave me the cold shoulder! Thank heavens I found out—even though it did hurt. After my Lifebuoy bath I feel fresh and dainty all over. And m'mum that creamy invigorating lather!

NO MORE CINDERELLA act for me! I've met the man and at last I'm sure of myself. Those girls will soon be getting wedding cake from the girl they once called "Old Maid".

LIFEBOUOY
Better than ever!
NOW ONLY ONE KIND OF LIFEBOUOY
— WITH A RICH CREAMY LATHER
THAT'S EXTRA MILD.



THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO PREVENT "B.O."

Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out o'-sorts, have broken sleep, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way
Many Doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys, clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared

prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this. And former sufferers write daily saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Olive it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! New in 3 sizes—1/9, 4/-, 8/-.

This is a
Guaranteed
Treatment
Cystex
for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.



¶ Columbia's striking color picture of Joan Bennett was taken just after the actress returned to Hollywood from the Victory Caravan tour. Thirty-three players toured the United States in aid of Army and Navy Relief Funds.

Movie World

Joan is helping the cause, too, in Columbia films like "A Yank in Dutch," anti-Nazi satire, co-starring Franchot Tone. She is proudest, however, of her appointment as voluntary ambulance driver in a key Civilian Defence unit.

New "thermal" Way to Relieve Children's Colds

New Canadian Cream Rub acts 3 ways to Clear Stuffed-up Head and Break up Croupy Congestion

Quicker—it's the better, faster, different, "thermal" way to treat colds . . . newly brought to this country—but long recognised by Canadian mothers as the most pleasant, efficient external treatment for children's head and chest colds and sore throats.

If you like to treat your cold from the outside—then try Buckley's Wintrol Rub—its extra-quick, 3-way "thermal" action is the most pleasant and effective external way to break up congested, croupy, bronchial colds.

Feel its fast, soothing action clear smothering, stuffed-up head passages—make breathing easy. See how swiftly it brings a blessed, soothing comfort to sore, irritated throat lining. Rub Buckley's Wintrol Rub over neck and chest and see how quickly its glowing, "thermal" action stops shivery aches and keeps little ones warm and comfortable through the night, while its wonderful 3-way action is driving out the croupy congestion.

When your child gets a cold—it's no time to experiment! Get it under control fast with this better—surer—quicker "thermal" treatment that has been proved by mothers in many blizzard cold winters. It's greaseless and harmless. Get Buckley's Wintrol Rub from any chemist or store.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS MAY BE OVERCOME

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or head and ear noises or are growing hard of hearing go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmitin (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a desertsopoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

Britain's soldier-actors are in big demand

PRODUCERS BORROWED REDGRAVE FROM
THE ROYAL NAVY TO MAKE A SEA FILM

LONDON CABLE from ANN MATHIESON

NOW that there is a boom in British pictures, producers are fortunate in having the pick of British film actors right on their doorsteps.

For all those young men, who would normally be in Hollywood, are to-day serving in England with the fighting forces, and whenever they can get leave are kept busy making films.

Richard Greene, who co-starred with Valerie Hobson in "Unpublished Story," has difficulty in finding time to play the many varied parts offered him.

There are seven women who are all dying to have him play the male lead in "We're Not Weeping," a film of English women at home, and getting on with the job of winning the war, but Richard is a lieutenant in the Army, and as he has just made "Flying Fortress" it's more likely that he will go on soldiering for a while.

Richard married the actress, Patricia Medina, while making "Flying Fortress." He met her on the set of "Unpublished Story."

When David Niven arrived in England he went straight into a rifle regiment and begged leave of absence to make only one film, "First of the Few," definitely a propaganda work, directed by Leslie Howard. It's the life-story of the inventor of the Spitfire.

Then there are all those brilliant young British actors who, had the war not intervened, would by now be in Hollywood.

Michael Redgrave is an able seaman in the Royal Navy, and goes back to the sea in a few days' time after his newest picture, "Thunder Rock," is finished. He has been filling in a few weeks of his leave producing a West End play, entitled "Life Line."

In "Thunder Rock" Michael plays his original stage part as Charleston, the lighthouse-keeper. The film is the latest venture of those two most enterprising young men in British films—those twin brothers, John and Roy Boulting.

These two producers, who are remembered best for the film, "Pastor Hall," take the unorthodox view that film-making is important enough to be closely linked with life and what's happening in the world outside the studios.

John, who fought with the International Brigade in Spain, is now a pilot-officer in the R.A.F. Roy, who is attached to the Army Film Unit, was brought back from leave to make "Thunder Rock," which all three attacked with single-minded enthusiasm, determined that it should be a very good film indeed.

Hugh Williams, who is a lieutenant in the Devonshire Regiment, made "The Day Will Dawn," "One of Our Aircraft is Missing," "The Private Life of Jacqueline," and "Secret Mission" in quick succession before the Army could reclaim him again—just as soldiering reclaimed Frank Lawton from films after his last film, "They Came in Khaki."

Lawton was to have played in "The Bells Go Down," a picture of national fire service, but his leave didn't extend long enough. So, after reading the script, Frank buttoned on his Sam Browne and resumed his captaincy in the King's Royal Rifle Corps.

Robert Donat has turned his back on cameras temporarily to play the



● Former Hollywood star, Richard Greene, with his English wife, the former Patricia Medina. Second-Lieutenant in the Lancashire, Greene was granted special leave to make "Flying Fortress," and is wanted for the male lead in "We're Not Weeping"—if the Army can spare him.

lead in a stage drama, "To Dream Again," with a new find, Nichollette Bernhardt.

But it won't be for long. For MGM promise his fans that they have further films for him, and at the end of a short tour with the play Donat will be starred in "Sabotage Agent." In this film the action is laid in Czechoslovakia and London up to time of Munich. The

script will accompany him on tour. Donat is a quiet, very lonely actor, for his wife and children have evacuated to the States. He has a small West End flat, but tries to get some time in the country, for Robert does not enjoy robust health. Rather reticent about his work and himself he is the least seen of any English film stars, rarely making personal appearances.

The food that Ends IRREGULARITY in one week!



If you are over 35, and relying on harsh remedies to keep you regular, you should know these home truths about purging! This habit of shocking your system into action may be doing you serious injury. Over 75% of cases of a severe type of illness in people over 35 are said to be caused by the over-use of harsh remedies.

Lack of "bulk" causes irregularity.

The one safe way to end irregularity is by getting at the cause of your trouble. Nine out of ten times, the cause is lack of "bulk". Our modern, over-refined meals usually have the "bulk"

cooked out of them.

Here's concentrated "bulk".

Fortunately, there's a pleasant way to get that vital "bulk" into your diet. Start off each morning with Kellogg's All-Bran. This specially prepared, nut-sweet breakfast food gives you concentrated "bulk". It forms a soft mass which absorbs water and softens like a sponge. The internal muscles are gently massaged so that natural peristaltic action is restored.

Eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast each morning (served with milk and sugar), and inside a week you'll be enjoying healthy regularity. Order a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer right away!

Actress works for Russia

TO help swell her "Aid to Russia" fund, English actress Valerie Hobson and film technicians at Denham Studio have produced a short film in their spare time.

Busiest war worker of all English stars, Valerie made the film in between work on her latest romantic drama, "Unpublished Story," in which she portrays a girl reporter during the blitz.

The fund's headquarters are actually at Denham. Valerie established them there herself—so that they would be handy both to her home and her place of work.

FEEL BRIGHTER, MORE CONFIDENT—

Imagine—in one minute you can shake off that tired, depressed, worn-out feeling, caused perhaps by war-strain, overwork, and business or personal worries.

Yes, WINCARNIS has this wonderful effect. WINCARNIS is a nourishing blend of choice, rich wine and two fortifying vitamins. The wonderful effectiveness of WINCARNIS, the "No-waiting Tonic," is supported by over 28,000 recommendations from medical men. It builds up your system, by bringing new strength to your brain and nerves from the very first glass. You feel brighter, more alert. Snap and vim return. Cares and worries go. Life seems sweeter—worth enjoying once again. Give yourself a chance to win through to new health and confidence. Ask your chemist for WINCARNIS to-day.



When you're on a long, cold "beat" home, with the icy spray in your face—that's the time when a good hot cup of Bonox hits the spot. You ask Captain Briggs of the "Canella". He says, "Down in the Tasman Sea, sometimes working feverishly for days and nights on end to bring her home safely, we practically live on hot Bonox." Bonox pours glorious new strength into your bloodstream—gives you the "lift" you need—when you need it most. Bonox keeps "Old Man Flu" away. So drop into any cafe, hotel or milk bar and have a steaming cupful. Buy some to-night.

EE-1

Drama of small American town



1 TANGLE of King's Row lives begins with boys Parris, Drake: Cassie, Louise.



2 AMBITIOUS Parris (Robert Cummings) grows up to study with Cassie's father, Dr. Towers (Rains).



3 HATING Drake (Reagan), Dr. Gordon (Coburn) forbids him to court daughter Louise (N. Coleman).



4 SECRET ROMANCE with mysterious Cassie (Betty Field) ends, to Parris' heartbreak, when he leaves for Vienna.



5 IRREPRESSIBLE Drake flirts with working girl Randy (Ann Sheridan), who refuses marriage, fearing that he still loves Louise.



6 PENNILESS through fraud, Drake obtains a job from Randy's father (Cossart).



7 ACCIDENT in railway yards injures Drake, whose legs are amputated by Dr. Gordon.



8 THREATENING to expose his operations, Louise is locked up by Gordon.



9 SUMMONED from Vienna by Randy, who has married Drake, Parris, now doctor, is perplexed by whole case.

Mrs. BROWN IS A GOOD AUSTRALIAN!

Read her story and see why



I FIND GIBBS IS WONDERFUL FOR MY TEETH AND GUMS. GIVES ME SUCH A CLEAN, FRESH TASTE AND...



WHEN THE CONTAINER IS EMPTY, I BUY A REFILL ONLY! SAVES ME A B. EVERY TIME AND BESIDES...



EVERY RE-USED GIBBS CONTAINER MEANS A VALUABLE SAVING IN AUSTRALIA'S PRODUCTIVE EFFORT!

Gibbs SOLID Dentifrice

in the
NEW IVORY container

Large container of 1'8½
Dentifrice
Large Refill
(lasts about 5 months) 1'4½

G.25.34.A



I have ONE regret

I did not start taking De Witt's earlier

"I feel it my duty to let you know the instant relief I have obtained by taking De Witt's Antacid Powder. I suffered with terrible pains in my stomach and my mother-in-law advised De Witt's Antacid Powder. Getting at my wife's end, I decided to try it. I could not believe that anything could act so magically. The first dose brought relief, and now my trouble is ended. I can eat and enjoy anything. There is one regret—I did not start taking De Witt's Antacid Powder earlier." Mrs. W.L.C.

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

A proved remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence and Gastritis. Obtainable from chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6.



Warners' adapt best-seller

HENRY BELLAMAN'S novel of a town called King's Row has now been brought to the screen.

His original story of small-town American life contains much strong, sensational material. Warner Bros. claim to have tempered the situation to make them acceptable to the average adult moviegoer.

On this page you see the principals: Robert Cummings, Betty Field, Ronald Reagan, Charles Coburn, and Ann Sheridan—who steps out of her glamor roles to handle a sympathetic, serious part.

The cast of "King's Row" includes Maria Ouspenskaya, as Parris' grandmother; Karen Verne, as the girl he meets after his return to King's Row to help the crippled Drake; Henry Davenport, as the town lawyer; and Judith Anderson, as Mrs. Gordon.

Warner Bros. have given a long-term contract to "King's Row" director, Sam Wood.

For Private Views and special Film Cable from Hollywood, see page 19.

HÆMORRHOID SUFFERERS

You can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Nothing but an internal treatment can do this—that's why cutting and salves fail. Dr. Leonard's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, is guaranteed to quickly and safely relieve any form of pile misery or money back. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

The Australian Women's Weekly — Notice to Contributors
Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.
Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

On the lathe . . .



Out for fun...

she's glorious with
Pond's "Lips" and Pond's Powder

Thrift is a weapon to
defeat the enemy

All of us have been asked to restrict our spending. You can help by cutting down on your use of our products. Make your lipstick and your powder spin out as long as you possibly can. Pond's Lipstick and Powder are naturally economical to use, but you can make them even more economical. In doing this, you'll save money that will help our war effort in more ways than one.

Pond's "Lips"
Stays on longer



**Pond's
Powder**

Pond's "Lips" Refills are now available
at all chemists and stores.



To-day, everybody's helping the war effort — in or out of uniform. However, there's no reason why extra war-time duties should ever stop you from looking attractive.

Naturally, you've got no time for expensive beauty treatments . . . but you *do* need the essentials — face powder and lipstick. These should be not only inexpensive to buy, but *economical* to use.

Pond's Powder clings for hours and hours . . . it's made with the softest, finest texture of all. Pond's "Lips" stay on and on and on. All chemists and stores sell Pond's Powder and Lipstick. Six exquisite shades to choose from.

Mother waits for four missing soldier sons



MR. AND MRS. W. COLENZO, their youngest son, Les, married daughter, Mrs. Akhurst, and youngest daughter, Dorothy, reading letters from the four Colenso boys who are missing in Malaya.



THE FOUR COLENZO soldier sons, photographed before they sailed, with their mother and father, who served in the A.I.F. in the last war.

Enlisted together, fought together, now prisoners together in Malaya

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

The name Colenso appearing four times with consecutive NX numbers in a recent list of men missing in Malaya made everyone exclaim with quick sympathy: "Oh, the poor mother."

But Mrs. W. Colenso, of Kingsford, waits for her sons with such fortitude and grave confidence, with such grit, that it is admiration rather than sympathy that goes out to her from all who meet her.

SHE never forgets that she shares her anxieties with thousands of other Australian mothers. She never doubts that they feel as she does, certain of the return of the boys they love.

Her fourfold trial has in no way daunted her courageous spirit.

"Yes, the waiting is terrible, but I am quite confident my boys are safe and they will be coming back to us," she said. "I am sure all the other mothers feel the same."

The four Colenso boys, Bill (31), Frank (29), Ted (27), and Ray (25), all enlisted together, were together in camp, sailed together, fought together in the jungles of Malaya, and they are "reported missing," together with thousands of their fellows.

"Ray was only nineteen when he told me he wanted to enlist," said Mrs. Colenso. "I told him he was too young and that I would not sign any papers for him."

"A few days before his twentieth birthday he mentioned it again. 'I feel it is right that I should,' he said. But I said, 'If you enlist all the others will.'"

"Then I thought it over and said, 'If you think it is right, then it would not be right for me to stop you.'"

"On the Saturday he was to have enlisted he came home and told me he hadn't done it."

"For a few minutes I was so relieved. But then he explained. The other boys had had a talk with him and they had all decided to enlist together—my four boys all going away together."

"It was a terrible blow, but I am so proud of them. Ray put his age forward a year so that I wouldn't have to sign any papers."

"They went into camp together, and have been together all the way

—as 'day boys', then at other N.S.W. camps.

"They sailed together, and had a wonderful time in the Dutch Indies on their way to Malaya."

The Colenso boys are well known in the Kingsford district.

Frank played football for South Sydney, and is well known as an amateur actor with the Austral Players. He took part in programmes arranged by a travelling entertainment unit in Malaya.

Ted and Ray are both good tennis players.

Ted has a daughter, Theresa, aged two, and Bill is also married, with four children, three girls and a son, who was born after his father sailed.

He has been christened William Ronald, after his father.

Dad a soldier

"It's a coincidence about Bill's family," said Mrs. Colenso.

"When my husband went to the last war I had three sons, and my daughter was born after he sailed. Bill had three daughters, and his son was born after he sailed."

Mr. Colenso was in the 18th Battalion, and his sons were in the same battalion in this war. Their father has served for a while in a garrison unit in this war.

Frank was married on his final leave.

"My three daughters-in-law and my married daughter all live near here, and we are all great pals, and I see one or other of them every day," Mrs. Colenso said. "It is a great help to me, because even when the boys married they used to pop in almost every day to see me."

"Now their wives come to see me, and they help to take the boys' place."

"Frank's wife, Ina, takes me to the pictures every Wednesday night."



ACTING-CORP. TED COLENZO

"Frank and Ray worked at a hat mill, Bill was a tram conductor, and Ted was on the staff of a wine firm before enlisting."

"Except for a month or so when Ted was attached to an English garrison unit in Singapore, they were together all the time in Malaya."

"They were alongside one another manning different trench mortars in the battle of Mersing."

"I feel sure that wherever they are now as prisoners of war they have still managed to keep together."

Mrs. Colenso brought out a large box packed tightly with four neatly-bound bundles of letters.

"Their letters are a great comfort to us," she said. "They are all good correspondents. Each of them wrote twice a week."

Besides her sons' letters, Mrs. Colenso has kept their birthday, Christmas, and Mother's Day cables. The family has several photograph albums, as all the four boys took cameras with them.

"They sent us some lovely presents," said Mrs. Colenso. She showed me an embroidered Chinese robe, dressing-gowns, cushion-covers embroidered in gold thread, silver spoons, and the satin-back crepe frock her twelve-year-old daughter, Dorothy, wore for her confirmation.

"The boys bought the silk specially for Dorothy's confirmation dress," said Mrs. Colenso, "and she is so proud of it."

"Ted and Ray were made acting corporals, and Bill was made acting quartermaster last September and continued in the job."

"The other boys told me that



PTE. FRANK COLENZO



ACTING-CORP. RAY COLENZO



ACTING Q.M. BILL COLENZO

when he used to drive round with the food to the battlefield everyone called him 'Herrings'!"

"A soldier who escaped from Malaya told me that Bill had been wounded and was in hospital in Singapore. We have had no official news of this, and I am wondering if any of the returned nurses could give me any news of him."

"When Singapore fell it was, of course, a terrible day for us all," said Mrs. Colenso.

"But the family tease me now about one of the things I said."

"In the midst of my grief and tears I said, 'Oh dear, and my boys do so hate rice.'"

There is a fifth son, Les, aged seventeen, in the Colenso family.

"He will eventually be in the call-up," said Mrs. Colenso, "but he is breaking his neck to go into the services before his call-up."

The married Colenso daughter, Mrs. Akhurst, has two little boys. Her husband is a staff-sergeant on a hospital ship.

Ray, the youngest of the four Colenso boys who are missing, is poet laureate not only to his family, but to comrades in his unit.

Some of his verse has been read in radio sessions.

He wrote his mother a 32-page letter on a two-day bivouac from Rutherford to Paterson River.

She has kept all his poetry, including some verses to his father,

Book Appeal

THE Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with the Daily Telegraph, is appealing for 50,000 books and magazines for American troops in Australia.

They may be sent to any of the following depots:

The Australian Women's Weekly office (front counter), Pilsford Chambers, 176 Castlereagh Street, The Daily Telegraph Voluntary War Work Bureau, Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, City; the Public Library, Macquarie Street; the Sydney Municipal Library, Queen Victoria Building; the Fisher Library, Sydney University; the Teachers' College Library, Sydney; the Forces' Reading Room, Hunter Street; Lord Mayor's Comforts Fund, Prudential Building, Martin Place, and Town Hall; Grace Building, York Street, City; Minerva Theatre, King's Cross, and 164 William Street, City.

Country readers may rail their books freight free by writing to Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney, for a special label.

and this moving poem written to his mother just before he sailed.

DEAR MOTHER—

Weep not, my darling, drive away those tears.

You think I'm still a baby, but I'm older than my years;

Now that I have joined the colors, I must go away,

To help my fellow countrymen in the coming fray.

You're the person who has loved me, and reared me with fond care,

Your son can't be a shirker; he, too, must do his share;

As much as this does grieve me, to go away from you,

I must do my duty, as you would wish me to.

Although I know it hurts you to see your son depart,

I can but assure you, that you'll always own my heart.

And when the test comes, Mother, from fire, bomb, and gun,

It's through I'll come, because I am

—YOUR LOVING SON.

Editorial

JULY 25, 1942

BACK TO TOBRUK

WITH pride we heard that the Aussies are back in Egypt again, taking their share of the grim battle of Egypt.

Naturally enough we feel that their fighting quality will be no small help in the desperate struggle.

These are the boys who disappointedly waved good-bye to thousands of their fellows who sailed for home when the Japanese threat to Australia became acute a few months back.

They were disappointed because they wanted to come home and get into a scrap with the enemy directly menacing their homes and families.

But instead they have marched to the desert battlefield where the name of Anzac stands high in fighting repute.

Among their mothers, wives, and sweethearts there will be many aching hearts. Added now to their disappointment at not seeing their loved ones is the anxiety for each man's fate in the fresh action.

Perhaps they will take some comfort from their knowledge of the men's eagerness for action.

No soldier feels he is getting his job done and the war won while he is away from the fighting.

He goes into battle fiercely certain that every blow struck, every shot fired, is bringing nearer that peace with victory which will restore him to his own country and his family.

Among the boys now fighting in Egypt are many of the famous "Rats of Tobruk."

It's easy to picture them starting a very enthusiastic "Back to Tobruk" movement.

—THE EDITOR.

Airman describes raids over Germany

A SERGEANT - OBSERVER tells of the miraculous escape of his plane and its crew in a raid over Germany in this week's "Letters from our Boys."

Sgt. Obs. Stirling Green, since reported missing, to his family in Broken Hill, N.S.W.:

"THREE out of the last four nights I have been on ops.

"The first was on St. Nazaire, a German submarine base on the French coast.

"The next night we visited the port of Le Havre.

"Saturday will always live in my memory.

"We took off for our target, which was Lubeck. You may have read how successful the raid was.

"We crossed the enemy coast and were doing evasive action when we were caught by a master searchlight. Immediately 30 others coned us and up came light and heavy flak.

"If you put 100 fireworks displays together it may give you some idea of the intensity of it.

"We could hear the stuff bursting all about us.

"This was just south of Kiel. Eventually we dropped our bombs and got back.

"Not before we had beaten off two night-fighters, one whose aim was good and whose shells came within one or two feet of the pilot's cockpit. When we arrived back we surveyed the damage. We were shot up all right.

"The main petrol tank was split right along the top, and another holed in the top also, which is something we are all trying to puzzle out.

"The greatest puzzle, however, is the piece of shrapnel which passed through the starboard engine. There is a hole in the cowling about 4 inches round along one side and another not quite so big on the other. Between are all pipes, etc., and they are unhit.

"I had rather a trying experience. I put on the light in the bomb bay to see if all the bombs had gone, and went back to have a look.

"Stepping down I felt myself falling. I flung myself forward and heard the wireless operator yelling, 'Come back, you silly fool!'

"I nearly went through a hole blown in the midships of the kite.

"However, all's well that ends well, and I thanked God for His protective care."

Pto. L. F. Bailey, Stalag XVIII, Germany, to his wife, Mrs. L. Bailey, 95 Traill St., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.:

"I HAVE a good job driving a Diesel compressor and laying train lines in my spare time.

"I am learning all about Diesel engines, am on the sports committee here, and trying to get up a jazz-band and concert party for the winter months, when we will have plenty of slack time from work.

"At the present time we are working six days a week. By the way, the boss said last week he was trying to get me five marks a month more pay.

"I'm in charge of 20 men at work, and also am the interpreter, as I have learnt the German language so quickly."



MEMBERS OF AN A.I.F. ack-ack unit in the Middle East. Sent in by Mrs. MacDonald, Station Street, Fairfield, N.S.W.

Sgt. A. A. Hill in Port Moresby to his sister, Mrs. W. A. Coombes, Abercorn, Qld.:

"THERE is poetry in these hills and mountain crags.

"The other day we were crawling up a range when, rounding a turn, we came suddenly upon a fairy castle from 'Snow White,' standing on the other side of a mile-wide valley, swirling mist around its waist, towering above the swiftly-running stream, its many turrets bathed in morning sunshine.

"A castle carved in rock, a medieval stronghold complete in every detail.

"A mile farther up the canyon the stream throws itself over the rocks in a glorious waterfall. A



GUNNER ALLAN MACDONALD officiates as barber for Gunner H. Robson in the Middle East.

week before we had seen it crossed by a rainbow, one end of which lost itself in the flying spray.

"The unsung heroes of this locality are the Engineers. Theirs was the task of throwing a trafficable road across the range and maintaining it.

"Torrential rains must sometimes have nearly broken their hearts, destroying overnight the work of the previous day.

"They have worked and sweated and won the admiration of us all. Their efforts are now meeting with the success they so well deserve."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

Ord. Tel. T. A. J. Black, R.A.N., to his mother, Mrs. H. T. Black, Greenmount, Qld.:

"YOU don't want to worry, if at any time you hear rumors about our ship.

"Of course, in the country you don't hear much, but in the cities there are always rumors about ships going down. To give one instance of things like that (it was brought home rather forcibly to me by this):

"We arrived in a certain port and a cobbler and I went to see this chap's girl-friend.

"When she saw us walk in she just screamed and fainted.

"It had been definitely established by the rumormongers that we had been sunk. As she said afterwards she thought she was seeing a couple of ghosts.

"Even the Japs announced our sinking once, so there you are. The best policy is 'Believe only what you see.'"

Sapper Hussien Mahomet in the Middle East to E. Chenano, Scarness, Qld.:

"WE are mighty proud of our color. "Indian troops have fought on all fronts and are still fighting. Always in the thick of it, and many have passed on.

"I have been in action with my Indian brothers in the desert, and the Aussies will tell you they are the finest fighting soldiers in the world.

"So we can be proud of being pure bred. Some of my pals in the desert were God's own men.

"Color and beliefs are forgotten.

"We starved, thirsted, fought, and slept in holes together, and I am sure no man who has fought with and seen the Indian troops would do anything but admire them and be proud to call them 'Brother.'"

Sig. R. G. Andrews in England to his wife, Mrs. R. G. Andrews, 251 York St., South Melbourne, Vic.:

"WHILE on leave in Scotland I had a royal time.

"First of all I went to an hotel and ordered half a pint and was not allowed to pay for it, and before I knew where I was six Scotties took me in hand and what a time!

"Two of them disappeared and later returned. I was pushed into a car and off to a dance.

"When I got there, look, honestly, tears came into my eyes to think they should do so much and think so much of us.

"As I walked in the band played 'Waltzing Matilda' and there I stood in the centre of a dance, 'dumb-founded'.

"Anyway, I gave a speech and sang 'Aussie Boys' for them, which pleased them a lot. Later I crooned for them."

Interesting People



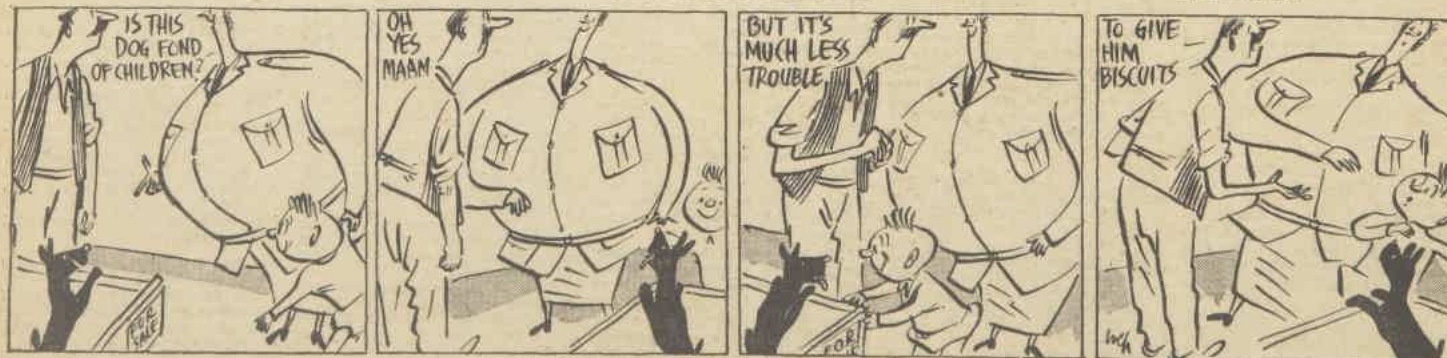
MR. R. FRASER
... Information director
SOUTH AUSTRALIAN Robert Fraser has been appointed temporary director of the Empire Division, Ministry of Information, London. Is science graduate of Melbourne University and graduate of London School of Economics.



DR. JEAN DAVIES
... From Korea
RECENTLY returned to Australia after 20 years as medical missionary in Korea. Dr. Jean Davies, of Victoria, is now doing medical research work at Enaballa Mission Station, South Australia. Is making special study of eye diseases of aborigines. First woman doctor to work in this district.



DR. J. LYON
... Composer and examiner
NOTED English composer, Dr. J. Lyon, is paying his second visit to Australia as examiner for Trinity College of Music, London. Has composed six operas and a number of symphonies and symphonic poems. Latest work is symphonic poem on the Maori legend Hinemoa.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THERE are many confusing, tricky and obstructive influences at work during the coming week, and it behoves those who are warned to be cautious to step warily.

Still, the days ahead are not without their bright spots, and some may reap the rewards of careful planning. Arians should make the most of opportunities. There is every chance of their achieving good results.

Leonians, too, will do well to look to the coming weeks for improvement in their conditions, while Sagittarians, if they exercise their constructive abilities, should find the period ahead worth while.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Plan a campaign for gain and advancement now. There is every chance of success. Utilise July 23 (midnight hours) if possible. July 25 (from 2 to 5 p.m.) good, too, but early evening poor. July 24 tricky. Be cautious on July 21 (afternoon) and July 23 (until late in the day).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): There are pitfalls for unwary Taurians this week, especially on July 22, 23, and 24. Avoid changes, discord, obstacles, and misjudgment.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): July 28 (before 5 a.m.) fair, then adverse to 9 a.m., but good during the early afternoon. July 24 and 25 poor.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Make final efforts (for the present) to achieve desired goals on July 22 (forenoon and late evening best) or on July 23 (from 6 to 11 p.m.). Be careful of the daytime of July 23; from noon to 6 p.m. is very poor.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Plan ahead. The coming weeks favor you. July 23 (after 10 p.m.), July 24 (best near sunrise, early afternoon poor), and July 25 (afternoon) are good periods. July 25 (early evening) poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): A mixed week, so be cautious. July 22 (especially round noon and midnight) and July 23 (evening only) fair. July 24 and 25 bring difficulties.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): A confusing week. Be cautious on July 21 and July 23 (to dusk), but July 23 (after 10 p.m.) and July 28 (early afternoon) fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Be sure to turn July 22 (midday and late evening hours) and July 23 (after 6 p.m. only) to good account. July 28 poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Opportunities now possible, so plan well and work hard. Utilise July 23 (near midnight), July 24 (except from noon to 3 p.m.), and July 25 (best in afternoon; evening poor).

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Uneventful as the week grows older, but be cautious on July 21 (adverse), July 23 (to dusk), July 26 and July 27 (daylight).

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Modestly helpful on July 21 (to 4 p.m.), but be cautious on July 23 and thereafter for several weeks. Avoid big changes, loss, opposition, and upsets.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Unspectacular weeks soon, so make good use of July 22 (especially around noon and late evening) and July 23 (after 6 p.m. excellent, morning good, but afternoon poor).

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



Mrs. Evatt writes of American women at war



AMERICAN PORTRAIT taken in Washington of Mrs. Evatt, wife of the Attorney-General, Dr. Evatt, whom she accompanied on his recent mission abroad. Mrs. Evatt is keenly interested in women's war work. She took the photographs illustrating this article.



AMERICAN WOMEN IN UNIFORM. At left: Mail delivery girl at Washington. The three girls in the group and the smartly turned out girl at right are members of the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps.

She saw how millions are working enthusiastically to achieve victory

By MARY ALICE EVATT

Since we returned home many people have asked me what American women are doing in their country's war effort and what we in Australia can learn from them. I will give you a few significant facts.

In the American Women's Voluntary Service there are 250,000 women serving in a voluntary capacity without payment. They are using every available minute they can spare from their home duties to forward the war effort of their nation.



MRS. O. C. HOBBY, Director of the United States Women's Auxiliary Army Corps.

The Newest Idea in Radio . . .
The Oldest Ideal in the World . . .

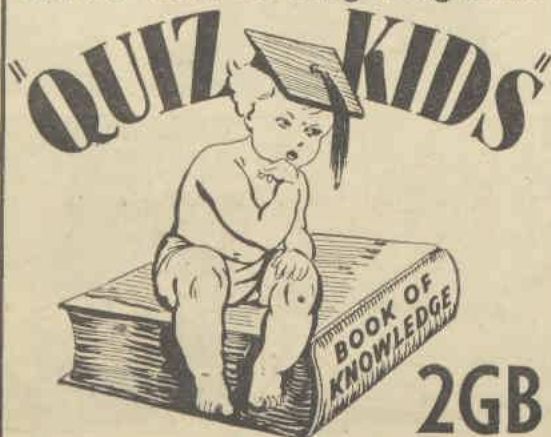
"IN
HIS
STEPS"

The story of a modern man who followed in his Master's Steps . . . and the strange adventures that befall him.

2GB

Every Wednesday 9.15—9.45 p.m.

Radio's Most Amazing Programme



2GB

Every Sunday at 7.18 p.m.

THEIR motor transport service, which works with the U.S. armed forces, gives many hours of service weekly both in army training camps and naval bases.

When suddenly called upon to report for emergency duty after Pearl Harbor, many of them worked continuously for 12 hours, conveying Army and Navy men who were urgently needed for duty.

In New York the women's voluntary units include an emergency switchboard service and run a junior auxiliary which is training thousands of young girls in home-nursing, first aid, and the care of children.

In Arizona the women have formed rifle clubs and are aiming to train over a thousand crack shots who will be called "parachute snipers."

In Colorado every woman who owns a motor-cycle has joined the Motor Cycle Corps.

In California, where there is a membership of 17,000 women, they operate mobile canteens to supply hot coffee to soldiers who are stationed in exposed positions along the coast.

In Alaska, women voluntary workers are organising a service which will distribute and equip food depots in distant parts of the country.

After any sudden attack by the enemy, even remote outposts can be supplied with medical aids and food rations by means of dog-drawn sleds.

In Washington there are more than 200 voluntary units.

The national headquarters of the Red Cross is in Washington. Here they have a magnificent building which is the headquarters of every kind of Red Cross activity.

Both in Washington and at the British War Relief Depot in San Francisco I observed the preparation and distribution of warm garments for seamen who had been torpedoed and picked up, and who were thus in need of warm clothing.

In San Francisco they were making warm waistcoats out of portions of leather handbags and kid gloves sewn on to a felt base so as to form a kind of patchwork waistcoat.

The members were enthusiastic about the good manners and behaviour of our Australians, whom they had helped.

In the United States the most in-

teresting woman worker of all was the First Lady of their land. Mrs. Roosevelt is tireless in her good works, and retains always a gracious and charming personality.

At a reception in Washington, given in her honor, we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Hobby, who is the director of the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps.

She proved to be a most interesting personality with a lovely face and a manner of much charm and power. She is a lawyer, and was the first woman to be in the legislature.

The W.A.A.C. is the new Women's Army of America. It is an auxiliary military corps, which will give army jobs to those women who are willing and able to take a definite part in the defence of their country.

Both married and single women are eligible, and are subject to service outside the United States.

The term of enlistment is for one year, which can be extended by the Secretary of War, but cannot be for longer than six months after the war is ended.

The uniform is strictly army in appearance, and will be issued to both auxiliaries and officers.

Members of the W.A.A.C. are permitted to wear make-up, but they must be discreet in its application.

Sixty-two jobs

THERE are 62 types of jobs for which the Army has said it can use Waacs in releasing soldiers for combat duty.

All the Waacs will have to do physical training and drill, and they will give the regular Army salute, but none of the W.A.A.C. officers will have military titles, and Mrs. Hobby, who is the head of them all, will be called Director Hobby.

One of the most interesting meetings at which I was asked to speak in America was at a women's forum in New York at the Waldorf Astoria.

This meeting was called with the purpose of reviewing the war work which women of each of the Allied nations were doing.

I was asked to represent Australia and to speak of the Australian organisations.

These American women were hoping to reap the benefit of our organising experience in the forming of their own voluntary and full-time committees.

They devoted much attention to Australia, because they were all thinking about their own friends and

relatives who had come over here to fight side by side with our men.

I felt that we might follow their example and learn from the experience of other Allied countries.

I was most impressed with the story of women's work in Britain and Russia. In Britain there is now an army of British women.

Britain still believes that the job of actually meeting the enemy in combat is a job for the men, and always will be, but now she has allowed women to play their part in almost every other essential wartime service.

To-day most of the quarter of a million women and girls of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, and the Women's Royal Naval Service are employed on technically vital jobs and share the dangers of the firing line.

The gunner girls of the A.T.S. wear battle dress and tin helmets, do almost every job on the battery sights except the actual loading and firing of the big guns themselves.

In Russia there are thousands of Soviet women serving in technical and medical units at the front and hundreds of thousands of Soviet women serving behind the lines on the industrial and agricultural front.

One-half of the 140,000 doctors are women, young and old. Twenty-three-year-old leader Chaiko, assistant army doctor, and sixty-year-old Sergeant Valentina Gorinevskaya have won medals and praise for their resourcefulness.

THEN and NOW . . . on U.S. fashion front

WOMEN'S styles in America as well as in England are being controlled by law to save cloth and labor for the war effort.

New wartime regulations eliminate sleeve cuffs, patch pockets, double-breasted coats and suits, big collars and pleats. They encourage lower necklines and short skirts, and forbid hoods, shawls, scarfs, capes, petticoats, overskirts, or aprons made with dresses. These pictures contrast old styles with new.



THEN Evening frock of the pre-economy days with flowing drapes forming a wrap, elaborate skirt, and full bodice.



NOW Minimum of material is used in this short-sleeved wartime frock. Notice the shorter skirt, absence of fullness or trimming.



NOW Streamlined, short-sleeved gown with a narrow skirt made in washing silk to overcome dry-cleaning restrictions.



NOW Single-breasted sports coat in tune with the times and in contrast with picture at right. Patch pockets are eliminated.



THEN Three-piece suits are out for the duration.



THEN Extravagant dress contrasting with one shown at top right.

The Incredible Jeep

from page 5

TOWARD six o'clock Ulysses Tecumseh was putting the finishing touches upon the general's surprise. It is true he would have no time to oil or varnish it, but he did think it looked very handsome, indeed. He waited until First-Class Private Wilson was inviolable and tested it thoroughly. It worked. It worked smoothly, silently, swiftly. He was proud. He operated it half a dozen times. It never hesitated or failed.

He had done all he could. He borrowed Wilson's broom and cleaned the general's living-room. Then he set up his present in a conspicuous place.

Wilson leaned against the door-jamb and surveyed it with jaundiced eyes.

"Box trap?" he asked. "The general hates rabbits. He whistled through his teeth. 'If you think a gadget for catchin' flies is goin' to keep you out of the guardhouse you got too much optimism. Say, feller, are you one of them Fifth Columnists?'"

"I am, not."

"I don't see how else that propaganda got in the general's filing cabinet."

"There is an explanation," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"It better be good. It better be darn' near superb, what I mean."

"I think I will go back to barracks now," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "but I will be back in the morning. I will be back before the general comes. I think it would be a good idea for me to be present when he sees this. If I am here he will have to say thank you. I don't see how he can get out of saying thank you when I have worked so hard and taken such pains."

"And when a man says thank you he can't turn right around and do anything unpleasantly drastic."

"The general," said First-Class Private Wilson, "kin thank you with one hand and jerk your ears off with the other."

Ulysses Tecumseh dusted off his hands and turned toward the door. Before he reached it heavy foot-steps tramped across the porch outside. The door opened violently.

"Step right in, Mr. Secretary," the general's voice said. "They've made me as comfortable as I can ask. Thrifty business, flying . . . Wilson! Wilson!"

The man who entered was known to Ulysses Tecumseh because his pictures had been frequently in the papers. He was an important man,

Not quite so important as the Secretary of War, but nevertheless a distinguished and powerful individual. He glanced at Ulysses Tecumseh and then let his eyes rove over the pleasant little room.

"Better than an hotel in Washington," he said over his shoulder.

Ulysses Tecumseh stood frozen. He did not know what the rules required of him. The gentleman was in civilian dress, so he was not entitled to the salute. He compromised by standing stiffly at attention.

The general stepped over the threshold. As he saw Ulysses Tecumseh his expression changed from one of urbanity to one of cold ferocity. He made a sound in his throat that was not a word and that was not a growl, but it was menacing. Ulysses saluted.

"Get out of here, you," the general said harshly. He showed every symptom of a tantrum. "Get out of here. I'll attend to your case to-morrow."

"Yes, sir," said Ulysses Tecumseh faintly. "I wish to report to the general that I worked all day for the general and made a little present for the general that I hope the general will like. It is over there, and it is quite original, and I think the general will be surprised and pleased."

"I said clear out," the general said, as one who restrains himself by a mighty effort of the will from violence.

Ulysses Tecumseh did not tarry. It seemed best to pirate the subject no further at the moment. He turned in unmilitary manner and made a swift exit through the open kitchen door. But he could not bear to go away. He wanted to see. He wanted to be present when the general actually gave his attention to the artifact that stood so conspicuously in the room.

The general bellowed for his orderly, who took orders for a pair of cooling drinks. Wilson fabricated them and, carrying them into the room, set them down upon Ulysses Tecumseh's contraption. Ulysses craned his neck to watch. He saw two glasses standing upon a sort of table-top. Beneath the table-top was a box some eight inches deep. On either side hung down two pieces like the wings of a drop-leaf table.

"Ah," said the general, "while I

think of it I want to show you an aerial photograph of our sanitation area. That will give you the idea."

He went into his bedroom, returning with a large photographic print. He lifted his glass, the distinguished visitor lifted his. They drew up chairs to Ulysses Tecumseh's invention, and, seating themselves, spread the photograph under their eyes.

Both gentlemen leaned elbows upon the table-top and bent over the picture. Ulysses watched rapidly. He felt a great urge to explain and to demonstrate, but it did not seem a proper moment for it. He desired urgently to tell the general about the properties of that table. He felt that it was urgent for him to explain what that table was capable of accomplishing.

But before he could screw up his courage to the point of re-entering the room the general's foot found the stretcher that extended from leg to leg. He rested the weight of his foot upon it. Instantly both general and visitor lunged forward, for the table-top descended eight inches abruptly.

Ulysses Tecumseh uttered a strangled cry of warning, but it was too late. Instantly and vehemently the two drop-leaves ascended, closing forcefully over the cavity left by the descending table-top. But they could not fall in place because their progress was impeded. It was impeded by the heads of the general and his distinguished guest.

There were two ringing bumps as the gentlemen were slapped, first on one side of the skull and then on the other, by solid, three-quarter-inch planks. And then, as they reared back, the closing leaves clamped down upon their wrists, so that they sat facing each other like a pair of criminals in the stocks, staring down at what turned out to be a beautifully made backgammon board.

For the first time in his life Ulysses Tecumseh Clap experienced utter, blind panic.

"Lord help us!" exclaimed First-Class Private Wilson in an awed voice, but Ulysses Tecumseh did not hear him. He lunged past the general's orderly, burst through the back door into outer air, and ran down the street as if he were a prosopopeic father going for the doctor.

He continued to go straight ahead until he came to a dead end, where he turned to the left. He was going no place. All he was doing was putting as much distance between himself and General Shelton as rapidly as his legs would contrive. He had not even the shadow of a plan, but subconsciously, automatically, mechanically he was deserting from the Army of the United States and seeking oblivion.

His condition was excellent, his mind was good. It may be that he set a new record for the distance as he lunged onward. He cut across vacant fields, came to a wooded terrain, and welcomed the shelter of the trees. His ears had detected no sounds of pursuit but he imagined an aroused camp behind him, a camp seething vengefully. He imagined ravening military police on his trail.

Presently he came out upon a clearing. It was somehow familiar. Before him spread the silvery ripples of the lake. It was here that he had picnicked with Nancy and Buster, and yonder was the decaying, tumble-down icehouse. Here, his bewildered mind told him, was as good a hiding place as was to be found in the vicinity.

He did not enter the icehouse but crawled into the thickest of a tangle of underbrush, where he threw himself upon his face. He was horrified, hopeless, despairing, and terribly alone. He never had known before the meaning of the word alone.

It was queer—he himself, perceived how queer it was—but he found he was thinking about Nancy Shelton. He found he was wishing she was there, so he could ask her what to do. She was so sure of herself.

Nancy Shelton! He made the first rudiment of a plan. He would lurk there until darkness. Then he would go stealthily to the house where she lived and hope to see her. Something told him she would know what to do.

Ulysses Tecumseh lay prone in the underbrush, and, in spite of the heat and of friendly insects that explored his ears with persistent interest, he dozed off. He was exhausted.

When he awakened, wet with perspiration and as uncomfortable as he

ever had been, it was dark. Hours had passed, and there was some comfort in this, for he had so far eluded pursuit. He went down to the lake and washed his face and hands in the cool water. This cleared his head so he could attempt to think. But the only thing he seemed able to think of was Nancy Shelton.

He dried his face as best he could with his handkerchief and walked back into the woods past the old ice-house.

As he came to his door he paused. He stepped inside and lighted a match. The inside of the place had changed in some respect, and he lighted another match to determine what had happened. It did not look the same, but at first he could not determine what had been altered. Then he knew. The bundles containing subversive propaganda were there, piled where he had seen them, but the containers of gasoline were gone.

This was puzzling. The gasoline had been there a few hours before. He had peered into the icehouse before he lay down to take a nap. Very recently, how recently he could not guess, someone had removed them. He looked at his watch. It was nearly eleven-thirty. This distressed him, because the hour was too late to attempt to see Nancy to-night.

Then his mind returned to the gasoline. Gasoline and pamphlets. Pamphlets were used to destroy morale—what was gasoline used to destroy?

Suddenly he shouted and commenced to run. He forgot himself and his predicament. He forgot the pursuers he imagined were on his trail. He forgot everything except that the inflammable fluid had been taken from its hiding place. It must have been taken for some purpose, and it would be no pleasant surprise.

There could, he reasoned, be no purpose but to set a fire, and what fire could aid Fifth Columnist ideals better than a conflagration at Camp Lincoln?

The great area was covered with wooden buildings. The wind was coming up. Fire would spread as if in dry grass. If it were stealthily set in likely places it could very well destroy completely millions of dollars' worth of buildings and supplies—and even take a dreadful toll of life.

Whoever was planning this depredation had a start of him. He did not know if he were minutes or hours behind. So, having given that one startled shout, he closed his mouth, breathed properly through his nose, and put his soul into the effort to make speed.

He lunged ahead, exercising no caution without plan except in some way to give the alarm. But fortune was with him. He tripped and fell violently and lay there stunned for moments. Before he could collect his faculties and get to his feet he heard a sound ahead of him. It was the sound of a voice carried by the rising wind.

Ulysses Tecumseh got to his knees and crawled towards the sound, stealthily now, exercising the skill he had acquired as an accomplished rabbit hunter back in Beecham.

Again he heard the murmur of voices. Whoever spoke was stationary. Ulysses Tecumseh crept closer, until at last he could hear, although he could neither see nor identify.

There were five men sitting in the darkness, waiting.

"You got it all clear?" one of them, evidently the leader, asked. "Jake and I give the works to the headquarters building. That's the signal. When we touch her off, you, Ed, do your stuff to the hospital. The thing covers acres. It ought to be safe to douse her and touch the match in half a dozen places. Tom handles the Service Club, and then as many barracks as he can touch off."

"Skinny goes for the big warehouse and then the reception building. It's full of equipment for new draftees coming in. Then everybody hit for bed. Got it?"

"Check," said another voice.

They picked up burdens and moved away through the darkness. There was no moon. And the night was black with what might be an approaching storm. Ulysses Tecumseh waited briefly and then set off in pursuit. What he must do, he resolved, was to get ahead of them. He must reach the great camp before they could do so, and raise the alarm.

He veered off to the left to make a circuit around the party with their

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"And so, Mopsy, we find that X equals zero!"

"Oh, dear. Fancy doing all that work for nothing."

containers of gasoline, but one cannot be sure of his path in the woods at night, a woods cut by ravines and valleys and grown thick with underbrush. He thought he had gone wide enough when he turned to head straight for the camp, but he erred in his calculations, for, startlingly, a voice said out of the blackness, "Hey, there."

Ulysses Tecumseh made no reply and stood stock-still.

"Who's there?" the voice demanded, and when no answer came there was a thrashing and movement, and a uniformed figure collided with him violently. They fell to the ground. Ulysses Tecumseh tried to wriggle away, but hands grasped him.

"Who are you?" the voice demanded.

"Leggo of me," panted Ulysses Tecumseh.

"What goes on there?" a second voice asked.

"Got a sneaker."

Ulysses Tecumseh was jerked to his feet.

"Where you goin', soldier?" he was asked.

"Why, back to camp," he said.

"That's what you think. Leave him have it, Tom."

Something came down on the back of Ulysses Tecumseh's head and he dropped in his tracks.

"Give him plenty!"

"If I didn't bust in his head," said the voice belonging to Tom, "then you better get you another hitter."

Ulysses Tecumseh was kicked violently in the ribs. He did not stir. The leader stood over him a moment and then ordered the party on. Ulysses Tecumseh remained motionless. He was not unconscious. After the blow which felled him he had somehow retained sufficient wit to realise that his only chance lay in playing possum, in appearing to be senseless and inert.

It was not a matter requiring great imagination or efficient acting. As he lay, there were moments when he was sunk in black nothingness, moments when he had to fight with every ounce of his will to maintain even a tenuous hold upon awareness. He was hurt. He knew he was hurt, and was certain his skull had been cracked.

Presently he struggled to get to his knees, and then he was sick and dizzy and fell again. But after a time he managed to get to his feet. His legs were rubber, the world revolved about him, but somewhere inside him his will remained alive, and he tottered forward.

"I got to get there," he muttered, and the words became a sort of refrain, repeated endlessly: "I got to get there . . . I got to get there . . . I got to get there . . ."

At last he came to the end of the woods, to open fields, and there he broke into a dragging, staggering, lurching run. It was not much faster than a walk, and every time his foot encountered the ground he felt as if his head would split.

He was on the edge of the vast encampment now. Buildings reared before him. He tried to shout, but only a hoarse croak issued from his lips.

He was not thinking, not reasoning. Nothing seemed to function in his intelligence but that urge to get forward. "I got to get there . . . I got to get there . . ."

That he might have battered upon some door, aroused some officer, communicated the alarm was not a thing he could think of. He must reach the headquarters building. That idea was fixed.

Please turn to page 19

Best-seller used for radio broadcasts

New series from Station 2GB

One of the world's best sellers is now the basis for a new radio broadcast from Station 2GB.

The book is "In His Steps," by Charles Munro Sheldon, and its sales are said to have exceeded only by the Bible.

THE underlying motive of "In His Steps" is religious. In fact it is religion translated into terms of everyday life.

The hero is the Rev. Henry Maxwell, typical of many ministers of religion, well-meaning and orthodox. One day, however, the foundations of his faith are rudely shattered.

In the town in which he lives and preaches, one of its respected citizens, John Logan, arrives home to inform his son that he has been sacked from his job. His son cannot understand why until his father explains that long ago he broke the law and paid the penalty. His employer has discovered his lapse, and though it occurred many years previously he discharges him unequivocally.

John Logan appeals to the only man he believes can help him, the Rev. Henry Maxwell, but he is too busy. Following this Logan enters the church in which Maxwell is preaching, and in a highly dramatic scene accuses the minister before his congregation of smugness and hypocrisy.

The challenge strikes Maxwell

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, July 22.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, July 23.—Goodie Reeve presents "Precious Moments." Also Mrs. Owen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, July 24.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody and Thought."

SATURDAY, July 25.—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Melodies."

SUNDAY, July 26.—Special American all-star programme.

MONDAY, July 27.—"Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, July 28.—"Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Owen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

hard and he asks himself whether the accusation is not altogether true.

The opening episode closes with Maxwell applying the teachings of his Master to the solution of Logan's problem. He feels that his life has been a sham—he has not practised what he preached, and is determined that things will be different.

Thereupon Maxwell sets out to apply the simple ideals of Christianity as taught by the Master to the everyday problems of the people of his town, and week by week the story of his progress will be told.

The opening story is the key to future episodes, each of which is a self-contained story. They are broadcast from 2GB at 9.15 every Wednesday night.

The radio adaptation of "In His Steps" has been prepared by Maxwell Dunn, of Adelaide.

COWBOY AUTRY ENLISTS IN AIR CORPS

Viola MacDonald's HOLLYWOOD CABLE

COWBOY star Gene Autry has enlisted in the Army Air Corps—but refused to accept a commission. He will be Sergeant Autry from now on. And crooner Rudy Vallee is in the Air Corps, too—as a private. He is now in a training school.

The news of Autry's joining up has, however, been a bitter blow to his studio, Republic. Autry was to have starred in a series of films on which Republic's biggest budget was to have been expended. Autry's going automatically halts all plans. Moreover, cowboy actor Roy Rogers, Don Barry, and others who might have substituted for Autry are all about to be called up in the draft.

TYRONE POWER'S French wife, Annabella, has received her final U.S. citizenship papers.

INVALIDS of the week are Cobina Wright, who has been rushed to hospital with appendicitis; Ann Southern, down with a very serious case of flu; and George Brent, who broke his hand while doing a fight scene for Warners' "You Can't Escape Forever."

ZORINA has started work as Maria in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." She has gone on location with her entire film wardrobe—consisting of shirt, trousers, leather jacket, and rope sandals.

MGM has bought Phillip Barry's play, "Without Love," as a Katharine Hepburn starer.

DISSATISFIED with the progress of her career, Arleen Whelan has secured her release from her Twentieth Century-Fox contract.

A NEW Temple type of child star, Maxine O'Brien, aged five, has the plum role in MGM's "Journey for Margaret," a story of an English orphan adopted by an American correspondent.

WHEN John Garfield enters the Army, his wife plans to work in an aircraft factory.

ERSKINE CALDWELL, author of "Tobacco Road," is writing the screen play for "Mission to Moscow." Caldwell is an authority on present-day Russia, and a friend of Stalin. Olivia de Havilland will portray Mrs. Davies, wife of the U.S. Ambassador, to Fredric March's Davies, announced last week.

EX-ACTOR Jimmy Stewart, gets promotion—he is now first lieutenant in the U.S. Army Air Corps.

AS his first assignment for Paramount, Franchot Tone plays himself in "Starspangled Rhythm." This film, too, marks the debut of Bob Hope's brother, Jack Hope.

COLUMBIA'S "Commandos" will have quite a cast. Anna Lee will play opposite Paul Muni in the film. Australian actor Robert Coote has obtained leave from the Royal Canadian Air Force to play a role. English Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Edmund Gwenn are also in the film.



KNOWN as the "King of Hide Hitters," otherwise the best drummer of modern times, Gene Krupa winds up to a whirlwind finish in a scene from RKO's "Ball of Fire."

JEAN ARTHUR has signed to make one picture for RKO. It will probably be "Cheyenne," a rodeo story.

POSTSCRIPT on the Cary Grant-Barbara Hutton wedding. Only a half-dozen of their mutual friends attended the garden ceremony. Barbara, looking very blonde, very fragile, wore a simple navy mottre costume with a cyclamen blouse and hat, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Cary was darkly handsome in a double-breasted business suit.

I have since learnt, too, that the couple obtained the licence secretly at a small country town, so as to avoid all publicity.

PROCEEDS from Jeanette MacDonald's concert tour this year will go to Army relief.

Love Is Brave

Continued from page 2

SHE stopped dead, as a torch flashed in her face. It wasn't Rupert. It was a tall thin young man with a good deal of curly hair and an incredibly innocent face. He had teeth that were very white when he smiled, and he had a large basket on his arm.

"Stealing!" said Joan bitterly. "Oh, no. Commandeering a few eggs for the mess. That's quite different. You see, we simply couldn't get any eggs, and both the colonel and the major get so unpleasant about it I thought I'd try my hand on a private venture."

"I never struck you we might want them ourselves. I'm the one who gets all the blame when the hens don't lay here."

"How could I know that, when I didn't know anything about you? Of course, it will be quite different now."

"You mean you won't do it again?" "I, Private John Sheridan, hereby swear that this shall become a hallowed spot from now onwards. Protected not only from my pilfering fingers, lady, but from those of many another I know of. On one condition."

"What condition?" "That you'll be friends. I'm a lonely sort of chap. I've often wanted a friend of my own, but I never had one. Most men seem able to raise a female relation of some kind to knit socks for them."

"I'd love to knit you some socks," she said. It was no good. She liked him, thief or no thief.

"Then consider yourself commandeered, will you?" He looked at her, and laughed.

Mrs. Masham had found a new hen-food in a pink tin. It was called Lay-Oh. Joan had been giving it to the hens as per instructions, not expecting much from it, but it seemed, the following morning, she was wrong.

When she went to the hen-house there were so many eggs she had to return to the house for a second basket.

"Thirty-six!" gasped Mrs. Masham. "There, now. I know they could if they wanted to. From twelve hens, too. Teh, teh, teh."

From that day onwards the hens excelled themselves.

She regarded Alan, who was down for the week-end, with tales of her hens' prowess.

"You can take some back to town with you if you like, dear. Indeed, we shall be rather glad to get rid of some of them."

And then, without any warning whatever, everything went wrong. The hens ceased laying as suddenly as they had started, and all Mrs. Masham's proud boasts died on her lips. That wasn't what Joan minded half as much as the fact that Private John Sheridan came no more to meet her at night.

Alan was almost furious when there were no more free eggs to take back to town.

"Something is going on," said Alan. "I shall look into it."

Joan wasn't particularly interested, even when she heard him creeping out to the paddock after dark that night.

She had hardly closed her eyes when bedlam broke out and she heard Alan calling her. He stood in the hall, looking dishevelled, but triumphant. On the hearth beside the dying fire, his uniform all mud-stained, stood Private John Sheridan.

"Here you are, Joan. Look at this." Alan held out a basket full of eggs. "I caught the blighter red-handed with all these."

Joan stood, very straight and slim in her blue dressing-gown, her hair all tumbled. Private Sheridan said nothing at all.

"Disgraceful!" said Alan. "I shall take you back to camp tomorrow morning and have a word with your officer. Come with me. And you, Joan, take these away."

Joan carried the basket into the pantry and set it on the table. It was then that she had her first gleam of doubt. The blue one on top was certainly the free contribution of a duck, and no hen ever laid that colossal speckled thing...

"Don't be frightened," said Alan, returning, rubbing his hands. "I've locked the fella in the garage for the night. He won't get out of there very easily."

Joan opened the garage door noiselessly. Private John Sheridan was sitting in the back seat of Mrs. Masham's old-fashioned saloon.

"Darling," he whispered, "you shouldn't have come."

"Darling," she whispered, "I had to."

Her face was hidden against the rough khaki of his uniform.

"I wanted you to know, I've been ill. That's why I didn't come. I was in hospital. I couldn't even write, but I hoped to see you to-night and explain. I wasn't sneaking your eggs."

"No," she said, "I knew."

"How did you know?"

"That large top one was a goose's. Turkey," he corrected, gently.

At 2 a.m. Joan opened the garage door and let Private John Sheridan free. He kissed her, and ran.

It is strange how there are times when you can be up half the night and still be fresh next day. There was Joan, fresh as a daisy. And there was Alan, cursing and swearing, because the bird had flown.

"Most amazing thing. Absolutely preposterous. He's obviously a dangerous fellow. I shall go straight down to the camp and find him. Must be either a professional burglar or have gone in for goal-breaking in a big way. The door still locked. The window intact. The key on its nail, where I hung it myself."

Joan said, very loud and clear: "I can tell you why. I let him out."

She had never been a brave girl before. But suddenly it was all different. She did not care.

"You let him out," said Alan, in an awed voice. "Why?"

"Because I love him. Because I'm going to marry him."

Alan's face was a study and a blank.

"Do you know what you are talking about?" he asked. "Surely I have made it clear that I'm in love with you myself."

"Yes, you have. But I've—I've fallen in with a different regiment. I've been commandeered," said Joan, and laughed. Beside her, Mrs. Masham laughed, too, so suddenly that Joan jumped.

Then there was a short silence. Out of it, Mrs. Masham said: "So you found my nephew a bore, did you?"

"Yes," said Joan, "I did."

Mrs. Masham stood for one moment, looking at Joan malevolently. Then she subsided on the hall chair, and began to laugh.

"A bore! And so he is! I've waited for years for someone to tell him so. I never had the courage myself. He's pulverised me from his earliest youth. Ho, ho, ho!"

She went on:

"Oiling up to me for what he could get out of me. I saw through him plainly enough. He never took me in. You go right ahead and marry your soldier. You'll probably be very happy with him. Never mind about money. No one has much money these days. I don't mind telling you I've left you a little something, and this house. You've been a good girl."

"Ho, ho, ho! A crashing bore... It's just exactly what he is."

To be continued

(Copyright)

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH

(Week's Best Release)

Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, (Columbia.)

IN this film Fred Astaire gets a charming and talented new dancing partner—Rita Hayworth. Fred, who hasn't danced better, has three solo numbers, three with Rita. These are delightful.

A comedy musical of army camp life, the story presents Fred as a Broadway dance director who is inducted into the army. Rita plays an ambitious chorus girl. Then for an additional fillip there is humorist Robert Benchley, with droll comedy and sparkling wisecracks.

Cole Porter's tunes, though not exciting, are gay and well presented. —State; showing.

★ YANK ON THE BURMA ROAD

Laraine Day, Barry Nelson, (MGM.)

THE Burma Road is the background for this dated, poorly-acted thriller.

Barry Nelson plays a New York caddy who captures a couple of desperate gunmen. Becoming Public Hero No. 1, Barry is invited by Chinese leaders to lead a truck caravan with medical supplies to Chungking. A girl (Laraine Day) in search of her husband persuades Barry to take her along.

Some of the mob scenes are interesting. Laraine is attractive, but Nelson, as the romantic daredevil, is sadly miscast. —Cameo and Capitol; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★ VALLEY OF THE SUN

Lucille Ball, James Craig, (RKO.)

BASED on a Clarence Buddington Kelland story, this is a light-hearted Western of early days. James Craig portrays a young frontiersman, and friend of the Indians who quarrels with the civilian administrator over the latter's treatment of the Indians.

Lucille Ball is the girl whom Craig wins from a crooked Indian agent. The film has plenty of wild rides, Indian attacks, and gun and fist battles. The acting is fair, but the story is long-winded. —Haymarket-Civic; showing.

The Incredible Jeep

Continued from page 18

IN some strange way he marshalled what forces remained to him and compelled himself to greater speed. Subconsciously he travelled in the right direction—toward that building which was the heart and brain of Camp Lincoln, where were housed the records and the plans of G1, G2, G3, G4, those mysterious agencies of which he had heard but whose functions he did not comprehend.

The building loomed suddenly before him and again he tried to shout. He reeled across its front, but no threatening fire was there. He turned the corner, traversed its side, and reached the back, and almost in his face a match flared and the fumes of spilled gasoline reached his nose.

He lurched forward in a sort of flying tackle, a fumbling, blind tackle, and somehow, because it must be done perhaps, he found his voice.

"Fire, fire, fire!" he shouted.

His shoulder struck human legs. The match was extinguished.

"Fire, fire, fire!" he bellowed, and it seemed as if every word were tearing his head to bits.

Beyond him another match flared and flames crept up the wall. The man with whom he had collided did not wait.

Ulysses Tecumseh heard running feet. There was light, as flames drank greedily of the gasoline, and then another pair of running feet. Ulysses Tecumseh was on his feet again. Something was in his hand and he was trying to run with it, even as he continued to bellow his alarm of fire.

Then a man in uniform was visible, running toward him. The man stopped, and Ulysses Tecumseh recognised the unpleasant face of Broken-nose. Broken-nose panted, snarled. "You, eh," he said ferociously. "You had me fooled. You crummy crumb. Wit' a can of gas in your mitt!"

And then Broken-nose drew back his fist and smashed Ulysses Tecumseh upon the jaw, and Ulysses Tecumseh fell again, sprawled over the container of gasoline which he had picked up without realising what he had done. His body lay drooped across the tin, his face in the grass, and he knew no more.

He did not see the light against the flames or the quenching of them. He did not see a camp aroused and buzzing like a disturbed hive of bees. He was not aware of it when M.P.'s laid vengeful hands upon him, as he lay upon the evidence of his guilt.

He was not handled gently, as he

would have been handled had he been the victim of some accident, but roughly, harshly, as befitted one caught red-handed in sabotage. He was tossed into the guardhouse and left to lie upon the floor while sentries guarded his sleep.

Ulysses Tecumseh did not regain consciousness when General Shelton stamped into his place of imprisonment and glared down at his inert body. The general was in no tantrum now, but cold and efficient and dangerous.

"The swine!" said the general softly.

"He's unconscious, General," said an officer. "Looks like he's hurt bad."

"Better for him," the general said. "If he never wakes up." He stood silent a moment. "Have a doctor look at him. Fix him up so he can talk. And he'll talk plenty or I'll know why."

"It will mean twenty years in Leavenworth," said a major.

"A firing squad would save the country his board and keep," said the general.

Ulysses Tecumseh did not stir or open his eyes.

To be continued



U.S. AVIATOR. Captain Marshall Elkins, of U.S. Army Air Force, meets Lady Smith, wife of famed Australian pilot, Sir Keith, at Overseas League's reception for U.S. officers and nurses.



BRIDESMAIDS Roslyn Dangar, Jill Massey-Greene, and Mrs. Wilfred Millear, who attend Elizabeth Ramsay Sharp, and Brian Massey-Green when they marry at St. Michael's

INTIMATE Gottings

SOFT fireside glow makes attractive setting for drawing-room recital of Norwegian music which Mr. and Mrs. Claude Plowman give at their home at Darling Point.

Party is arranged to raise funds for Marina Platou, "Miss Norway," for Allies' Day.

Lady Poynter sings bracket of songs, and records of seldom-heard Norwegian music are played . . . these are lent by Professor P. Hytten, who has interesting collection.

For supper Mrs. Plowman serves "plogge," Scandinavian drink made of fruit juices, white and red wine, raisins, almonds, and served hot.

There is also Norwegian "open" sandwich made of black and rye breads.

Among guests are Lady Jordan and Joan Robinson, of Gundagai, who is staying with her, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, Mrs. A. V. Maxwell and daughter Margaret, Mr. Justice and Mrs. David Roper, and Mrs. T. Hogan.



PIANIST IN UNIFORM. Lieut. Isador Goodman meets Lady Gowrie to discuss musicale at Admiralty House planned for August 1. Proceeds to be devoted to Y.W.C.A. Appeal for servicemen.

PEGGY LEGGE-WILLIS pins purple orchid to frock of blue angora when she weds Major John Carson at "Shore" Chapel. Her hat is of darker blue. Bridesmaid is Margaret Rehlfach. Bride is second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. Legge-Willis, of Double Bay, and John is son of the Knox Carsons, of Leura. Reception at Hotel Australia.



LEAVING ST. MARK'S, Darling Point, Raymond Cowman with his bride, formerly Annabella (Penny) Penglaze, eldest daughter of Mr. A. Penglaze, of Point Piper. Raymond is son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Cowman, of Beecroft.

JOAN FURLEY spends few days' leave with her family, at Burwood . . . Joan is stationed at Canberra these days, in W.R.A.N.S., doing wireless telegraphy.

BELIEVE Airways pilot Captain Ken Horn and his wife Rosemary are now settled in a new house at Broadview, Adelaide.

Their hobby is vegetable growing, and they are both extremely proud of their garden.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. BILL BRAND return to town after spending honeymoon at Dornie House, Moss Vale . . . plans for future home rather indefinite at moment.

Mrs. Brand was formerly Margaret Oble, of Lismore.



DUTCH DANCER Darya Collins (right) and Mrs. Leonard Darby discuss recital which former will give at Conservatorium on August 26 in aid of Red Cross. Her associate artist is Edmee Monod.



MUSICAL. Lute Drummond, Diana Rothery, and Lady Poynter study score of opera, "Pagliacci," presented at home of Mrs. Hubert Fairfax to raise funds for R.A.A.F. Central Area Fund.



SYDNEY ARTIST Jim Russell sketches Diana Browne at "Cartoon and Comedy" exhibition at David Jones' auditorium. Each day well-known artists give services and sketch visitors to exhibition. All proceeds to Special Appeal Fund of Red Cross.

ATTEND opening of National Defence League's Club and Canteen for women of fighting forces.

Impressive collection of well-knowns accept invitations, including Minister for Army (Mr. Forde), and Lady Wakehurst, who gave great encouragement to the plan when it was first mooted, declares Club open. Rooms are beautifully furnished. I particularly admire pictures and striking posters hung on walls . . . one picture is an original Laura Knight, given by Charles Lloyd Jones.

Mrs. T. H. Martyn, resident hostess, shows me over spacious kitchen . . . proudly points out special bench for making salads.

"Committee thinks that service-women don't have enough salads in camps, so we are going to make them the most important item on our menus," she says.

"We want to serve lots of green vegetables also, and not too many potatoes or onions."

CONCERT and dance at Macca-bean Hall to celebrate "quatorze juillet," France's National Day, is grand fun . . . only regret I have is that my French is not more fluent.

Hit of night is the play, "Three Soldiers," written by a Free French sailor, August Large, who produces and plays leading role . . . play is obviously most amusing, as audience roars with laughter . . . I, of course, miss finer points of dialogue.

At end of concert, Mrs. Kenneth Urquhart, who acts as Welfare Officer for Free French, is presented with a writing case and a painting of the ballet dancer, Serge Lifar, in appreciation of her work.

Picture is painted by Free French sailor, Jean Ducloux.

Emotional moment is singing of Marseillaise by these French people exiled from their country by war.

MRS. A. H. SPURGEON, who has been staying at Pomeroy, has now taken a flat at No. 5 Marathon Road, Darling Point.



MORNING WEDDING. Lance-Corporal and Mrs. John d'Apice marry at Sacred Heart Church, Pymble. Bride is Mary, daughter of the F. W. Brodricks, of Killara.

FEW days in town for Mrs. Richard Hoskins.

It's not often she manages to come to Sydney, as she is running the family property, Glen Skee, at Ganbenang, near Little Hartley . . .

"It's been a full-time job ever since husband Richard and brother Roger went into Army," says Barbara. "Can't get any help, so I do everything from milking to mustering."

Think country life must agree with her, as she looks in the pink when I see her lunching at Australia.

LATEST mail from England brings news that Mrs. Rex Madoc, formerly Rosemary Shepherd, and baby daughter, Camilla Angel, are living at Hawick, Scotland . . . Mrs. Madoc's husband is prisoner of war in Germany.

Betty

Heard Around TOWN

COMMITTEE members for Peter Pan Free Kindergarten are laying their plans to raise £600, their quota for this year.

Their annual "Opportunity Shop" is quite an event, but this year they hope to arrange something even more novel.

First meeting is held this week at secretary Mrs. Rudolph Mueller's town flat at No. 7 Elizabeth Street.

GOVERNOR'S daughter, Hon. Henrietta Loder, is pupil at a business college, learning typing and shorthand.

She recently completed a course of kindergarten training.

FOURSOME at Prince's . . . Major and Mrs. Leo Cook with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Kendall. Alison, who is officer in W.A.A.F., is now stationed in Sydney.

GEOFFREY is name chosen by the Lindsay Bells for their third son, born a month ago at St. Luke's . . . Mrs. Bell has just returned to her home.

AFTER honeymoon at Mt. Buffalo, Squadron-Leader and Mrs. Frank Ellis return to Canberra and are staying at Hotel Canberra . . . hope soon to find suitable house or flat.

Try these attractive COUPON SAVERS



● Here's a very fetching topknot for sports wear. Simply made by loosely winding a gaily-striped scarf round your head and leaving one end trailing.



● Make yourself a beanie (of felt with saddle-stitching for daytime or velvet for night) and through two slots in the back thread a bright wool scarf, which folds snugly under your chin or can be tied in a whopping bow high over your forehead.



● Tweed hats to match your suit or topcoat are very attractive. Make one in a tailored boater shape and garnish with wool cord and tassels.



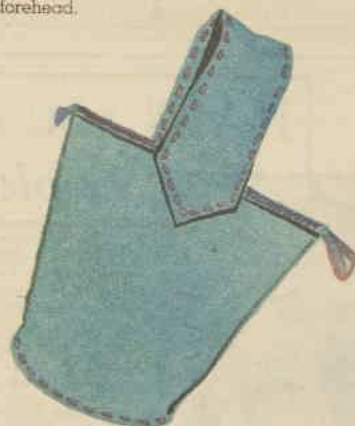
● Pep up a pill-box hat by banding with astrachan and anchoring it with wide velvet ribbon. Achieve an air of careless millions by making a handbag to match.



Reuter



● Salvage the crown from a discarded felt hat and scatter it with wool pompons made from left-over scraps of wool. Result — a nifty little bonnet for your sporty tweeds.



● Out of pale blue felt make yourself a fisherman's hat and saddle-stitch them with dark red wool. Lovely with plain grey, beige, or black.



"YOUNG BETTY GAD WAS A BREAKFAST 'FAD,'
She'd sulk, no matter what she had.



"But take a look at her today. Rice Bubbles cleared those sulks away!"



Yes, indeed! These tasty bubbles of toasted rice are so beautifully crisp they crackle out loud when you pour milk on them. And don't kiddies go for them—they're fun to eat! Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are chockful of nourishment, and they're so easy on kiddies' digestions, you couldn't find a better breakfast. Get a packet in for breakfast tomorrow.



"Rice Bubbles" are utterly distinct from any other ready-to-eat cereal. Product and process are protected by Australian Letters Patent. Nos. 14524/38, 14525/38. "Rice Bubbles" is the trade mark of Kellogg's (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., for oven-popped rice.

PAIN YOU CAN'T "Explain"



★ **AMAZING ACTEVIN**
 (anti-spasm) compound
 Ends Needless Suffering
 Every Month . . .

ALREADY five out of every nine women have changed to Myzone for better relief of period pain. For Myzone's own actevin (anti-spasm) compound brings such quick—and more complete and lasting—relief without any "doping."

WHEN you feel you are going mad with those dragging muscular cramps . . . when headache and sick-feeling and that dreadful weakness make you want to sit down and cry . . . let Myzone bring you blessed ease.

Just take two Myzone tablets with water, or cup of tea. These wonderful little tablets are absolutely safe, and can show you that normal periods need not ever be painful. Try Myzone with your very next "pain." All chemists.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

The Chest Medicine For
 Your Medicine Chest!

The story of **HEARNE'S** Bronchitis Cure is a sixty years' record of triumph over Coughs, Colds, Croup and allied chest troubles in children and adults. It quickly breaks up a cold, allays irritation and soothes any soreness. Keep a bottle of **HEARNE'S** in your Medicine Chest.

W. G. HEARNE & CO. LTD., GEORGE



Fashion FROCK SERVICE

"NANCY" FROCK
 (13 coupons) with
 matching hat and
 bag (2 coupons
 each)



THE attractive "NANCY" frock, with its trimly tailored lines and smart yoke, is available now at our Fashion Frock Department, either ready to wear or traced ready to cut out and make yourself.

The fetching hat and bag to match are obtainable traced only, but full directions for making are supplied with every pattern.

The "NANCY" frock and accessories are made in a heavy woven linen in pink, green, rose, sky, and maize.

The hat and bag traced to make yourself are 5/11 each, and require 2 coupons each.

The frock, ready to wear, in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, is 39/11 (13 coupons), or ready to make yourself, 29/11 (11 coupons). The complete set, ready to wear, is 50/- (17 coupons), or ready to make yourself, 39/11 (15 coupons).

The frock, ready to wear, in sizes 38 and 40-inch bust, is 42/- (13 coupons), or ready to make yourself, 32/6 (11 coupons). Complete set, ready to wear, is 52/6 (17 coupons), or ready to make yourself, 42/6 (15 coupons). Postage 1/6 extra.

● **How to obtain "Nancy."**
 In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on pattern page of this issue. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.



A Case for Steedman's

Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream cool by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them—the safe aperient up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.
Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

First for FIRST AID



The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the **Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.**

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes



EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of **Murine** in each eye. Right away its six extra ingredients start to cleanse and soothe. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! **Murine** washes away irritation. Your eyes feel refreshed. **Murine** is alkaline—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start to-day to let it help you, too.

MURINE
 For YOUR EYES
 SOOTHES - CLEANSSES - REFRESHES

ECZEMA ITCH Cause Killed in 3 Days

Your skin has nearly 30 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible Itching, Cracking, Eczema, Peeling, Burning, Anne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, **Nixoderm**, kills the germs in 7 minutes and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed **Nixoderm** from your chemist or store to-day, and remove the real cause of skin trouble. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm NOW 2/-
 For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

PRACTICAL SHOPPING IN LONDON



LIGHTWEIGHT fur felt in pale oyster-grey, designed by Condor. The crown is cleverly folded and stitched, and a band of darker grey peter-sham ribbon provides the only garnishing.



TWO SIMPLE but very charming little frocks designed by Cresta. The first model is made of pale blue rough tweed, very neat and tailored, with a front panel that continues through skirt and shirt bodice. The other lass wears a fetching pinafore of navy serge with inset belt and wide box-pleated skirt. With it a blue-and-white spotted blouse.



PERFECT for town wear—a classic suit, tailored on slender lines, in black broadcloth. The beautifully-cut jacket is margined with black silk braid.

● Clothes rationing has actually made the women of England smarter and more dress-conscious than ever before.

By Beam Wireless from ALISON SETTLE

THE remodelling and "modernising" craze which, to save coupons, has swept London now attacks even the most conservative and long-established houses. Paquin is the latest to advertise such a service for "gowns, coats and furs," heading his advertisement, "The Coupon Problem."

Shopping takes on an added spice of excitement when coupon difficulties, limited supplies, and other factors have to be overcome. The young Princesses probably thought this when they were taken by their mother, the Queen, to Fortnum and Mason's to put in some shopping hours when in London. This is where they buy many of their jumpers and cardigans, also tweed skirts, and what they buy is durable and timeless in fashion.

It was at Fortnum and Mason's that the new Creed collection was shown. The women attending it... only a handful at a time as women have to snatch time for dress shows from their leave or lunch-hour... commented on two features, one the ingenuity of double pocket-flaps and double revers in breaking the economically slim silhouette, the other the use of fly buttoning at the back hem of a skirt to allow so slim a garment to be used for bicycling.

The dressy suit

HERE and at the Bianca Mosca dress collection one noted with interest the return of the black suit. For the past year women have avoided black because it is useless in the country, but they realise now that it is not really possible to have a costume equally suitable for both town and country.

There has been a definite resistance on the part of British women to the idea of wearing trousers, but the coupon trouble means that women do their housework, their gardening and car-cleaning in a bi-and-brace overall with trousers because these rank as working

clothes and are coupon-free, whereas overalls (or aprons even) are not regarded (by the men who framed the rule) as working clothes at all and require coupons.

The R.A.F. padded linings to their flying suits are famous. They are as light as they are warm. This winter British women are asking for coats, jackets, robes all wadded with this same light padding.

Wadded and quilted, a tiny shoulder cape in the Bianca Mosca dress collection is very popular.

It was interesting to notice that hats are now untrimmed, depending on their own shape and cut for interest. Tricornees, toques, berets, bretonnes... whatever the shape, it is the manipulation of the fine felt which makes the interest. All have some drape in them; all are of the finest felt.

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 9 1/2 oz. jars.

At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods

Distributors: Fawcett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney

MUSCULAR PAINS



End nagging muscular pains—now. Rub in IODEX iodine ointment—rub out the pain. IODEX possesses nearly twice the strength of tincture of iodine but does not stain, blister or harden the skin.

IODEX is excellent First Aid for swollen, aching joints, but in stubborn cases, see your doctor. PRICE 2/1, from all chemists

IODEX

NO-STAIN IODINE

"Every Winter had Terrible Colds"

Nurse's Grateful Letter.

"I want to thank you for the wonderful cough and cold medicine, BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL Mixture. I bought the first bottle last winter, for the old gentleman whom I am taking care of, for he has had terrible colds every winter. The first dose helped, and after the third dose cold was gone—it does such quick work." Mrs. C. Davis. Don't take chances. For even the most stubborn cough swiftly yields to the powerful influence of BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL (triple acting), the largest-selling medicine for coughs, colds, and bronchitis in blizzard cold Canada. Get a bottle at any chemist or store.***

Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests Prove New Shampoo's Glorifying Action

Clearly Prove 4 Amazing Advantages

1. 33% more lustrous.
2. Leaves hair silkier.
3. Faster, safer perms.
4. Safeguards hair's elasticity.



Thrill to see your hair glorified by this amazing new shampoo—proved by the most daring tests ever made on a shampoo!

SHOWS THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT: Soap-washed side—dull, lifeless. RIGHT: Colinated side. Hair like silk.

UNIQUE "half-head tests"—one side washed with Colinated foam, the other with soap or powder shampoo—gave amazing results: 1. Hair washed with Colinated foam was up to 33% more lustrous. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Retained natural curl. 4. Took better "perms," faster. Not a soap, not an oil, this new Colinated foam can't make that

gummy, unrinseable "scum" of alkaline soaps and powder shampoos. Leaves hair silky—soft and glistening, and twice as thrilling. Washes away completely all dirt, grease and loose dandruff.

Ask your chemist, store or hair-dresser for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo. (Economical, too, because it costs less than 4d. a shampoo.)

Happy at Teething Time...

You will save endless worry, and baby needless suffering by giving Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders at teething time. Nothing could be safer and nothing more effective for removing the causes of irritability. Wise mothers are never without them.



Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders are guaranteed perfectly harmless.

★ Box of 20 Powders, 1/6

ASHTON & PARSONS Infants' Powders

Write for a FREE SAMPLE to PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD. POST OFFICE BOX 34, NORTH SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES



ONLY THE
Costliest Oils
 GO INTO
PALMOLIVE



... TO GIVE YOU

ALL OVER LOVELINESS!

Swiftly and completely, Palmolive cleanses your skin, yet its rich, abundant lather is so gentle. Palmolive is made with the finest olive and palm oils . . . famous since the days of Cleopatra for their beneficial effect on the skin. When you look at a cake of Palmolive, you see the true, pure colour that comes from olive and palm oils. Yet, for all its costliest oil blend, Palmolive is not expensive. No matter how slender your purse in these budget-wise days, you can afford to use Palmolive for all-over loveliness. 1/132

**LOOK FOR THE NATURAL
 OLIVE OIL COLOUR**



Fashion PATTERNS

F1933 — Slacks and boxy jacket, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½yds. for slacks, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2240 — Sophisticated frock, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2257 — Flattering style with full skirt, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide, or 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1190 — Attractive housecoat, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2115 — Tailored jacket, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F4388 — Coat for matrons, 38 to 42 bust. Requires: 3½yds., 54ins. wide, or 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

Special Concession Pattern

Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.
 No. 1—Branlette. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide.
 No. 2—Branlette. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide.
 No. 3—Slip. Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide.
 No. 4—Cam-knicker. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide.

BLISSFUL RELIEF for aching TIRED FEET



REXONA'S six healing medicaments quickly soothe aches and pains... relieve skin troubles. In the green triangular tin 1/6. Giant tin (3 times the quantity) 3/- O.33.22



F2240.—Sophisticated frock, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2257.—Flattering style with full skirt, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide, or 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2115.—Tailored jacket, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F1933.—Slacks and boxy jacket, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½yds. for slacks, and 2yds. for jacket, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F1190.—Attractive housecoat, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F4388.—Coat for matrons, 38 to 42 bust. Requires: 3½yds., 54ins. wide, or 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt dispatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under:

Box 348A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
 Box 491Q, G.P.O., Perth.
 Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
 Box 188C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
 Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
 Box 408AV, G.P.O., Sydney.
 Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.Z.: Box 408SW, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only).

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post. Print Name and Address Clearly in Block Letters.

NAME

STREET

SUBURB

TOWN

STATE

SIZE Pattern Coupon, 25/7/42.



Work for Him — Fight for Him
 Buy Him War Savings Stamps

HELP MAKE HIS FUTURE SECURE

Inserted by the manufacturers of

LAXETTES

The Famous and Safe
 Children's Laxative





HEARTY winter dish, illustrated above: Cream scone whirls were well flavored with celery salt and spread with mixed mustard before rolling. Baked onions are stuffed with hot, pickled red cabbage. The braised steak is very tender, and flavored with the onion hearts. Serve hot!

Prize recipes!

• Every week good homemakers win prizes in our cookery contest.

THE recipes published here are the best of the bunch received this week.

Next week you may win the first prize of £1 if you send along your home-tested favorite.

FISH AND SPAGHETTI ROLL

Small tin spaghetti and tomato, 1 lb. cooked fish (flaked and boned), 1 egg, little butter, seasoning, and potato pastry.

Add spaghetti to fish with pepper and salt. Roll out pastry and spread with mixture. Dot with little pats of butter and roll up tightly. Brush over well with beaten egg, place on a buttered dish, and bake in

moderately hot oven till golden-brown.

To make pastry: Sieve 1 lb. potatoes while hot. Rub 3oz. lard into 1 lb. flour, add potatoes, and mix well. Make into a stiff dough with cold water. This dish is nice served with tomato sauce.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. S. A. Nicholson, Gevarra, Bentley St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.

ORANGE SOUFFLE

Take one large orange and peel off rind with sharp knife. Put rind in small saucepan with 1 pint of milk and bring to boiling point. Then separate yolks and whites of 2 eggs in two separate basins; whip yolks lightly, and strain hot milk on to them. Add 2 dessertspoons

castor sugar and 1 dessertspoon powdered gelatine, which has been dissolved in a little hot water. Replace saucepan on stove and keep stirring all the time with a wooden spoon till mixture begins to thicken, but it must never boil. Take off and put in ice-box till nearly set. Have ready whipped whites of eggs and 1 cup cream, and half orange cut in small pieces. Mix all lightly together, put in soufflé dish, and return to ice-box. When ready to serve, decorate with sections of remaining orange and a few glace cherries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss June M. Hallinan, Mount Pleasant, Dudauman, Cootamundra, N.S.W.

TROMBONE CAKE

Two and a half cups hot trombone (substitutes: rhubarb, pie-melon, apple), 1 cup lard, 2 cups brown sugar, 3 cups flour, 4 level teaspoons soda, 1 level teaspoon each of salt, cinnamon, allspice, vanilla (or cocoa), 1 lb. chopped raisins (substitutes: currants, apricots, or any dried fruit).

Melt lard and sugar in hot trombone. Stir sifted flour, soda, salt, cinnamon, allspice, and cocoa into mixture. Add dried fruit. Cook in moderate oven for 2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. P. Filmer, Green Hills, Meadows, S.A.

CREAMED CABBAGE WITH WHEAT FLAKES

One fresh, young cabbage, 2 dessertspoons butter, 1 heaped dessertspoon plain flour, bacon rolls, 2 red tomatoes, 1 cup wheat or corn flakes, 1 pint milk, salt, cayenne, grated nutmeg, 2oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Shred prepared cabbage, place in a saucepan with 1 dessertspoon butter. Season with a teaspoon sugar, little grated nutmeg, salt and pepper, cover, and cook until tender. Press and drain well. Make white sauce by melting 1 dessertspoon butter, stir in flour free from lumps, add milk, and stir until mixture boils and thickens. Add prepared cabbage and place in a buttered fireproof dish or individual ramekin dishes. Sprinkle with flakes and

grated cheese, season with salt and cayenne, and bake in hot oven (400 deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve at once with baked tomato halves and bacon rolls, cooked in oven at same time. Decorate with parsley sprigs.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. Tate, Texas Flats, Greenknowe Ave., Potts Point, N.S.W.

TRIFE CRISPS

Those who do not like creamed or fricassee of tripe will most certainly like this dish. Simple to make, it can be served as a breakfast or luncheon dish, and the family will enjoy it.

Cut tripe into squares and cook gently in a little milk and water till tender, then squeeze juice of 1 lemon into saucer and flavor with pepper and salt. Dip each piece of tripe into this, then into a mixture made from egg, little milk, and flour, and finally into brown crumbs. Fry in boiling fat and serve with fried potatoes and slices of lemon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss May Carr, Bimbi Rd., Grenfell, N.S.W.



DARN THAT SOCK!

MRS. HOLIDAY tells you how to cut down sock holes and make foot-wear last longer.

IF THERE'S one thing that gets a man in a real wax it's to find his new socks shrunk after wearing them only once or twice. Socks that are too short soon get holes in the toes and I dare say you don't enjoy mending them any more than he likes wearing them. Unless they're guaranteed unshrinkable, it

pays to buy socks at least half a size larger than needed, and to wash them before they're worn.

But of course there are other things which help to keep socks soft, comfortable, and shapely.

Feet Have 1,600 Sweat Glands per Square Inch.

First, see that your husband doesn't wear his socks too long at a time before having them washed. There are about 1,600 sweat glands per square inch on the sole of the foot, so socks soon get soaked with perspiration. And

perspiration (together with friction in wear) causes felting and shrinkage if it's not soon washed out.

Always soak socks in plain tepid water for about ten minutes before washing. And when you do get on the job, avoid rubbing two surfaces together or you'll "felt" the wool. Never rub hard soap on the sock—(You won't need to if you use Persil). Persil's suds are oxygen charged, as you probably know, so they're specially cleansing. Put your hand inside the foot, dip in the suds, and rub with the flat of your other hand. Thoroughly rinse out all dirty suds.

Be Careful How You Dry Socks.

Having taken this extra care, don't let the socks shrink while drying. Keep them in shape by stretching to their correct size, then peg firmly to the line at both toe and heel. Dry inside out, in the shade.

Another trick which sometimes increases the size of socks, is to press them under a damp cloth, stretching at the same time. Lift the cloth constantly to let the steam escape.

Mary Holiday

P. 108.2.A

Beating the budget with

"Plain Jane" puddings

• Easy, delicious, inexpensive — says Olwen Francis, food and cookery expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

DOWN they go in summer—and zoom! up they come in winter!

Puddings and pastries have a high caloric value. That's why on a cold night a hearty hot pudding, such as any one featured on this page, makes you finish your meal with a pleasant tropical feeling.

Here are a few economy tricks to begin with:

When the oven is used for the meat course, choose an oven-cooked pudding.

When boiling meat, sufficient steam is generated to steam a pudding in the compartment above.

When appetites are hearty but time is short, steam or bake puddings in individual cups. Or make flapjacks or griddle cakes.

Dripping may be used instead of butter. A squeeze of lemon will reduce the fatty flavor of dripping.

When eggs are scarce, use soft breadcrumbs in steamed puddings. This helps to make them light. Of course, we always use them in boiled puddings.

Use orange and lemon rind, especially when spices are on the short list. The breakfast orange can provide something more than juice.

Experiment with the versatile scone dough. It's quick and easy to make, and needs little butter and no eggs, and sour milk may be used. Have you tried plain scone dough flavored with lemon rind, steamed, and served with a jam sauce?

RHUBARB WHIRLIGIG PIE

One bunch rhubarb, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, rind 1 orange, 1 tablespoon arrowroot, 6oz. self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 cup milk, few nuts.

Make a syrup of sugar and water. Add rind of the orange and washed and dried rhubarb. Simmer gently for 5 minutes or until rhubarb is barely cooked. Strain off juice and place rhubarb in pie-dish. Blend arrowroot in little cold water. Add to juice and bring to the boil. Pour thickened juice over the rhubarb.

Sift flour and rub in butter. Mix to a soft dough with the milk and honey. Knead lightly and roll to 1/4 in. thickness. Cut into inch-wide strips and curl into a wheel shape on top of the rhubarb. Brush with milk and sprinkle with nuts. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Serve hot.

MARMALADE BROWNIES

Six ounces flour, 2oz. soft breadcrumbs, 2oz. good dripping (butter if you prefer it), 1 teaspoon mixed spices or grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon brown or white sugar, 2 tablespoons marmalade, 1 or 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour well and rub in fat. Add breadcrumbs and sugar, spices or orange rind. Stir in marmalade and then the egg and milk, in which soda has been dissolved. Two-thirds fill small cups or moulds, cover with greased paper and steam 20 to 30 minutes or bake in moderate oven for the same time. Serve with a marmalade sauce, made by adding water to marmalade and thickening with arrowroot and adding a good squeeze of lemon juice before serving.

Note: Plain flour is used as the soda acts with the marmalade as a rising agent.

FRUIT ROUNDABOUT

Use sliced fruit: such as peaches, pineapple, apple, or grapefruit (this gives a marmalade flavor). Eight ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind, good squeeze of lemon juice, 1 cup milk, few nuts, 1 tablespoon brown sugar.

Grease a ring tin and sprinkle bottom with brown sugar. Arrange sliced fruit around bottom. Cream

butter and sugar well and beat in the egg, orange or lemon rind and juice. Add the sifted flour alternately with milk. Place this mixture on top of the fruit and bake in a fairly hot oven (400 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes. Turn out, sprinkle fruit with nuts and serve hot.

BOILED FRUIT ROLL WITH CARAMEL CREAM SAUCE

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 4oz. suet, water, 1 cup grated apple, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup sultanas or currants, 2 tablespoons sugar, preferably brown, 1 teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind.

Sift flour and baking powder and chop in the finely grated suet. Add the breadcrumbs and lemon rind and mix to a fairly soft dough (not as soft as scone dough) with water.

Knead lightly and roll to a rectangular sheet. Spread with a mixture of the fruit, sugar, and orange rind. Roll up as for a Swiss roll and secure firmly in a pudding cloth. Boil gently for 2 hours. Serve hot.

Caramel Cream Sauce: Caramelize 2oz. sugar. Make a white sauce, using 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon corn-flour blended in 2 tablespoons water, and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Gradually stir in the caramel. Sweeten and flavor further to taste. A knob of butter may be added.

RHUBARB LAYER COBBLER

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 cups finely-chopped rhubarb, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, preferably brown.

Sift flour, rub in butter and add sugar. Mix to a soft dough with milk, knead lightly and divide into three. Mix rhubarb, grated lemon rind, juice, and sugar. Divide this mixture into three. Place one-third of rhubarb in a greased pudding mould. Cover with one-third of dough; add more rhubarb and then dough and continue until the three parts are used. Steam for 1 1/2 hours or bake in a moderate oven for 40 minutes. Turn out and serve hot.

LEMON FLIP CRUSTIES

Half-dozen thin crustless slices bread, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 tablespoon fine sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 1/2 cups milk, 1 1/2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 1/2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 1/2 tablespoons apple jelly or jam.

Press bread slices into deep patty tins. Brush with melted butter (or milk) and sprinkle with mixed sugar and lemon rind. Bake to a golden brown in a fairly hot oven (400 deg. F.). Heat milk and sugar and stir in blended cornflour and lemon rind. Cook 3 minutes, stirring well. Cool slightly and beat in the egg-yolk and lastly the stiffly-beaten egg-white. Pile lemon filling into the bread cases and serve hot topped with apple jelly.

HOT APPLE BRAN MUFFINS

Half cup sugar, 1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon orange or lemon rind, 1 cup unsweetened, cooked apple-pulp, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup bran, 1 1/2 cups flour, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 cup milk.

Measure ingredients into mixing basin in the order given. Beat quickly, lightly, and thoroughly until smooth. Bake in deep patty-tins in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Serve with lemon sauce.

BANANA GRIDDLE CAKES

Half cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 mashed bananas, 1 beaten egg, little milk.

Combine ingredients, mixing to a thick batter with milk. Beat well. Drop spoonfuls on a hot, greased griddle or heavy frying-pan. Turn to brown both sides. Serve hot with honey or lemon sauce.

WHEN APPETITES ARE BIG and the weather cold these puddings are mighty hard to improve on. The rhubarb whirligig pie, marmalade puddings, and fruit roundabout, illustrated above, are as timely as umbrellas in a shower. See recipes on this page along with other very fine ones. Try them all!



THE ADELYN GIRL
IN HER
Adelyn
COAT

Style
No. 165

Ask your favourite store to show you this beautifully styled, boxy, fur-fabric coat, in the new season's range, by "ADELYN." It is snug and cosy, and at the same time extremely light in weight. The popular short lapel is featured, and inset pockets with several rows of self-stitching. Colours include: Asparagus, Silver, Honey, Battleship, Cedar, Oak, and Nigger. —27 coupons

LOOK FOR THE
Adelyn
LABEL

How to Reduce Varicose Veins

Rub Gently and Upward Toward the Heart, as Blood in Veins Flows that Way.

Many people have given up hope because they have been led to believe that there is no remedy that will reduce swollen veins.

If you will get a two-ounce original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength) at any chemist's and apply it night and morning as directed, you will quickly notice an improvement which will continue until the veins are reduced to normal.

Moone's Emerald Oil is a harmless, yet most powerful germicide, so a bottle lasts a very long time. Anyone who is disappointed with its use can have their money refunded. Chemists sell lots of it under this guarantee.

Make Eight Bottles Of Nice To Take Cough Remedy For Cost of One

Wise folk will save money by making their own family remedy for overcoming the ills of winter chills by simply adding a bottle of "HEENZO" (costs 2/1) to sweetened water, thus making one pint or the equal of eight bottles of the best ready made up cough remedies that would cost up to £1. "HEENZO" is guaranteed to act as quickly as any remedy known to medical science, and as it is nice to take and does not contain harsh drugs it is equally good and safe for all members of the family.



FOOD TASTES better if served on an attractively-set table. Above you see Linda Darnell, Fox star, lighting the candles which give a cachet to her simple but beautifully-arranged dinner table.

**Artistry and elbow-grease
very good mixers in**

CURING YOUR DINING ROOM OF "BLUES"

● Home is a very precious place these days, so keep it as bright as you can. If your dining-room is getting a bit on your nerves get down to tin-tacks. Don't moan and do nothing... Here are a few hints to aid you in the happy transformation.

KEEP your furniture polished to a nicety, the carpet hygienically clean, or linoleum and surrounds as bright as a mirror.

If you are sick to death with the walls, bring in a few pictures — gay flower prints or colorful scenes. Have a wall vase and keep it filled with nasturtiums, daffodils, or marigolds — sunshiny flowers — or ivy trails (they grow in water, you know).

If you can, cheat another room of a mirror for a month or so. Place it just above the sideboard and let it reflect

light and color for you. A tonic in itself.

Utilise an old but brightly patterned curtain to make flat cushions for the chairs. Attach with tape or matching bias-binding.

Be ever so fastidious about the setting of the table. You can cut down on the laundry bill (or your own energy) by using place-mats. Have a gay centrepiece always of flowers. It's amazing what enchantment you can get by utilising a flat bowl and blossoms garnered from here and there. Nasturtiums nestling in their green leaves give a lift to the spirits; camellias are superb—if you can beg them from a gardening friend. Fruit — polished apples and oranges on a leafy base—can look colorfully inviting.



THIS PICTURE shows you how a mirror can be utilised to bring more brightness to a dining-room. The girl placing camellias in the bowl is Bonita Granville, RKO star. Nasturtiums nestling in their green leaves make a very effective table decoration. They're so bright!



A CARPET can be cleaned, colors revived, this way: Put 1oz. carbonate of potash (obtainable at your chemist's) in a bucket of hot water. Dissolve. Wash carpet, using a soft rag. Rub well. Then rub well with dry cloth. This, of course, should be done on a fine day.

Bring the candlesticks and their gay candles from bedroom or living-room and dine occasionally in candlelight. Rather flattering to you and so partyish.

Really, it's surprising what you can do on a shoestring. And, believe me, anything accomplished on time and ingenuity alone gives you more pleasure than does the expenditure of pounds in hard cash.—Eve Gye.

Seeing in the dark...

● Countless people say they can't see in the dark, but have you ever stopped to think that night-blindness may be caused by the food you eat?

By MEDICO

WITH the intensifying of the blackout, a most irritating yet necessary measure, many more accidents are occurring in our streets at night.

Most people realise these are due to "night-blindness" on the part of civilian drivers, army transport, and pedestrians.

Perhaps you have come home shaken, telling how you narrowly escaped being run over. The headlights from one car flared in your eyes, your vision was temporarily "blacked out," and you couldn't see the truck following closely behind.

It happens every night—both men and women are finding it difficult to readjust their vision to the dim illumination of our streets; but few consider the cause might be found in their food habits.

Night-blindness is an eye disease that has been discovered by doctors to be due to the lack of vitamin A. The retina of the eye contains a substance known as "visual purple," which reacts to light. In full daylight it disappears, being bleached by strong light, but before one's eye can readapt itself to dim lighting the visual purple must be re-formed in the retina.

In an individual whose daily food does not contain sufficient vitamin A the ability to reproduce visual purple is impaired—night-blindness being the result.

Though not dangerous as a disease it is undoubtedly dangerous under blackout conditions.

It can easily be prevented and cured—by increasing the vitamin A content of your food.

This vitamin is to be found most abundantly in whole milk, cream, butter, eggs, leafy green and yellow vegetables. Cereals and the majority of fruits are not richly endowed.



EATING the white heart of a cabbage will not cure you of night-blindness. Use the outer leaves, also cauliflower leaves. Eat more spinach, parsley, carrot, pumpkin. Drink as much milk as you can afford.



DANDRUFF
goes overnight

Dandruff is so unsightly; don't stand for it another day! The proven treatment is Listerine Antiseptic which kills the dandruff germ instantly, stops itching and burning, dissolves ugly scales and promotes healthy hair growth. Add a little olive oil if the scalp is too dry and get started to-day.

Shampoo with
LISTERINE
THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC
3 SIZES, 1/6, 3/-, 5/9

"DAMP-SET"
your Hair..

Famous American beauty-chemist's way to keep hair in firm, lustrous waves and curls—always smartly groomed—never stiff, greasy or artificial looking. Velmol works on any hair, on any wave. Just 3 steps takes four minutes and lasts days.

WITH **Velmol**

Needlework Notions . . .

These gay d'oyleys will serve you beautifully

- They come to you with their charming flower designs traced on lovely sheer linen all in readiness for swift, easy stitchery.

EVERY girl or woman who can embroider will want these attractive d'oyleys. They are very easy to work, too.

You can't have too many of them—so useful, so easy to launder, and so very pretty, too.

They may be obtained from our Needlework Department traced on sheer linen in shades of white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. They are priced at 1/- each, and, what is more, they are coupon free!

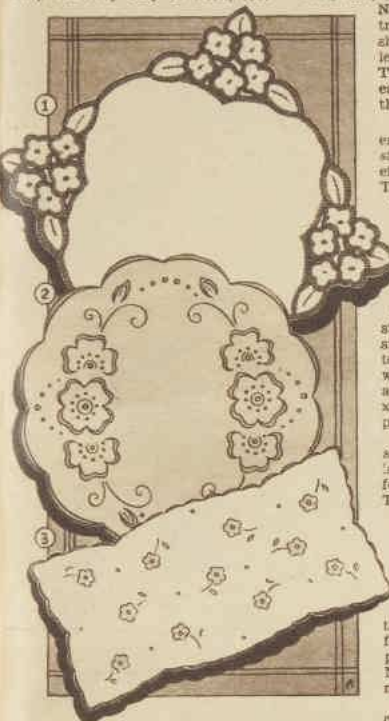
No. 1 design is worked entirely in buttonhole-stitch, and is most effective when finished. The size is 8ins. x 8ins., and the price is 1/- each, plus 2d. postage.

No. 2 design. Another pretty floral design, and can be worked in satin-stitch and stem-stitch (to work the outside lines only), or buttonhole. The edges are worked in buttonhole to allow cutting. Size 8ins. x 8ins., the price is 1/-, plus 2d. postage.

No. 3 design is a sandwich d'oyley, and is traced with a quaint forget-me-not motif. This may be worked in buttonhole with the tiny stems in stem-stitch. Size 5ins. x 11ins. is also priced at 1/- each, plus 2d. postage.

Complete set of three may be obtained for 2/6, plus 2d. postage, from our Needlework Department.

Cottons for working cost 3d. per skein. If ordering by mail, note address on pattern page.



HERE you see a close-up of the d'oyleys showing the sweet little flower motifs that decorate them. They cost you 1/- each.



AFTER HAVING been worn for some time, felt hats usually show a white line along front of head lining, impossible to remove by brushing. It should be rubbed with a rag dipped in methylated spirit, left to dry, and brushed thoroughly afterwards. Lucille Ball, RKO star, pictured above, keeps her hats meticulously groomed. It pays!

Miss Precious Minutes says:

I HAVE cleared up the matter about American spoon measurements. When an American recipe mentions one spoonful (tea, dessert, or table) it means one level standard Australian spoonful. When Australian or English recipes use the term spoonful, unless otherwise stated, they mean one rounded spoonful with as much above the rim of the spoon as below.

MY glamorous office friend has made the sweetest collars and cuffs to give a springlike look to her winter frock. She used two of the prettiest handkerchiefs left over from last Christmas presents. One was cut across diagonally to make the lapel pieces; the other was cut in halves for the cuffs.

AN excellent way to renovate that old woollen scarf is to press it well, fold in half, and top sew one side from fold for about 7 inches. Turn inside out and you have an enchanting pixie hood to keep hair tidy in the chilliest winds. Ends may be tucked under your coat for added warmth.

MY clever colleague was caught out the other day. The point is she never learnt her "tables" properly in kindergarten, and didn't know what a gill of liquid measured. Remember 4 gills equal one pint; easier, 1 gill equals 1 cup.

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense. By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."

Holds My FALSE TEETH Tighter and Longer

I've tried several kinds of powders to hold my false teeth. When I tried FASTEETH I found the one powder that does not thin out or wash away, but "stays put" all day. It gives a most pleasant feeling, a real sense of security. Breath always pleasant. If anyone with loose-fitting false teeth wants all-day comfort and real stay-there fit, get FASTEETH at any chemist. (2 sizes.) Refuse substitutes.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calumet—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3. ***

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

P&B
coupon-saving knitteds

You will want to obtain the best possible value for the coupons you surrender, so exchange them for Patons Wools. By the use of relatively few coupons you can purchase wool for a garment which will be smart, practical and long wearing. Make sure that you will like the garment when made up, by using the reliable recipes in Patons Specialty Knitting Books.

P&B

PATONS & BALDWIN'S
Knitting Wools
MADE IN AUSTRALIA

Child's frock

THIS chic design has a model air about it that will make your young lass look as pretty as a picture. Why not obtain this frock now from our Needlework Department, traced, ready to cut out, machine, and embroidered. It comes in linens in cream, blue, lemon, pink, green, and white. The square neckline, long sleeves, and skirt with gathered front and unusual hip pockets make this frock



When ordering please quote 250.

an essential addition to the youngster's wardrobe. The prices to fit girls 4 to 6 years, 5/11 (and 7 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 6/11 (and 7 coupons); and 8 to 10 years, 7/11 (and 8 coupons), plus 8d. extra for postage. If different material is preferred, a paper pattern is available for 1/4, and transfer for the gay cherry embroidery motif is 1/6 extra.

We too, smoke
TURF



Wherever you are, whatever you're doing, make certain of one thing—a plentiful supply of Turf Cigarettes.

10 for 8d. 20 for 1/4

4744

TURF CIGARETTES ARE GUARANTEED 100% PURE

It's Great Stuff!
WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE
For Children's Hacking Coughs at Night!

HAND-KNIT CHARM..

● It takes three coupons (plus your money, of course!) for sufficient wool in order to make yourself this new and really lovely jumper.

REMEMBER that wools vary. So it is advisable to use the wool specified here.

Of course, you are not expected to knit it in turquoise. You decide the color.

It can be worn with your two-piece, afternoons and evenings at home. And instructions are also given for long sleeves.

Materials: Six skeins "Sunbeam" super 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2194 (turquoise); 2 pairs needles (Nos. 10 and 12); 4 small buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20ins.; bust, 32-34ins.; length of sleeve seam, 44ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 7 sts., 1in.; 9 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 34ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row (wrong side): P twice into 1st 2 sts., p 3, * p twice into next st., p 4, repeat from * to end of row (121 sts.).

1st Row: P 5, * (k 3, p 3) twice, k 3, p 9, repeat from * ending with p 5 instead of p 9.

2nd Row: K 5, * (p 3, k 3) twice, p 3, k 9, repeat from * ending with k 5 instead of k 9.

3rd Row: Repeat 1st row.

4th Row: K 6, * (p 3, k 2) twice, p 3, k 11, repeat from * ending with k 6 instead of k 11.

5th Row: P 6, * (k 3, p 2) twice, k 3, p 11, repeat from * ending with p 6 instead of p 11.

6th Row: Repeat 4th row.

7th Row: P 7, * k 3, p 2, k 1, p 2, k 3, p 13, repeat from * ending with p 7 instead of p 13.

8th Row: K 7, * p 3, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 3, k 13, repeat from * ending with k 7 instead of k 13.

9th Row: Repeat 7th row.

10th Row: P 1, k 7, * p 3, k 3, p 3, k 7, p 1, k 7, repeat from * to last 17 sts., p 3, k 3, p 3, k 7, p 1.

11th Row: K 1, p 7, * k 3, p 3, k 3, p 7, k 1, p 7, repeat from * to last 17 sts., k 3, p 3, k 3, p 7, k 1.

12th Row: Repeat 10th row.

13th Row: K 1, p 2, k 1, p 5, * k 3, p 1, k 3, p 5 (k 1, p 2) twice, k 1, p 5, repeat from * to last 16 sts., k 3, p 1, k 3, p 5, k 1, p 2, k 1.

14th Row: P 1, k 2, p 1, k 5, * p 3, k 1, p 3, k 5 (p 1, k 2) twice, p 1, k 5, repeat from * to last 16 sts., p 3, k 1, p 3, k 5, p 1, k 2, p 1.

15th Row: Repeat 13th row.

16th Row: (P 1, k 2) twice, p 1, * k 3, p 3, k 1, p 1, k 3 (p 1, k 2) 4 times, p 1, repeat from * to last 18 sts., k 3, p 3, k 1, p 1, k 3 (p 1, k 2) twice, p 1.

17th Row: (K 1, p 2) twice, k 1, * p 3, k 1, p 1, k 3, p 3 (k 1, p 2) 4 times, k 1, repeat from * to last 18 sts., p 3, k 1, p 1, k 3, p 3 (k 1, p 2) twice, k 1.

18th Row: Repeat 16th row.

19th Row: (K 1, p 2) twice, k 1, * p 4, k 3, p 4 (k 1, p 2) 4 times, k 1, repeat from * to last 18 sts., p 4, k 3, p 4 (k 1, p 2) twice, k 1.

20th Row: (P 1, k 2) twice, p 1, * k 4, p 3, k 4 (p 1, k 2) 4 times, p 1, repeat from * to last 18 sts., k 4, p 3, k 4 (p 1, k 2) twice, p 1.

21st Row: Repeat 19th row.

22nd Row: (P 1, k 2) twice, p 1, * k 3, p 1, k 1, p 3, k 3 (p 1, k 2) 4 times, p 1, repeat from * to last 18 sts., k 3, p 1, k 1, p 3, k 3 (p 1, k 2) twice, p 1.

23rd Row: (K 1, p 2) twice, k 1,

* p 3, k 3, p 1, k 1, p 3 (k 1, p 2) 4 times, k 1, repeat from * to last 18 sts., p 3, k 3, p 1, k 1, p 3 (k 1, p 2) twice, k 1.

24th Row: Repeat 22nd row.

25th Row: K 1, p 2, k 1, p 5, * k 3, p 1, k 3, p 5 (k 1, p 2) twice, k 1, p 5, repeat from * to last 16 sts., k 3, p 1, k 3, p 5, k 1, p 2, k 1.

26th Row: P 1, k 2, p 1, k 5, * p 3, k 1, p 3, k 5 (p 1, k 2) twice, p 1, k 5, repeat from * to last 16 sts., p 3, k 1, p 3, k 5, p 1, k 2, p 1.

27th Row: Repeat 25th row.

28th Row: P 1, k 7, * p 3, k 3, p 3, k 7, p 1, k 7, repeat from * to last 17 sts., p 3, k 3, p 3, k 7, p 1.

29th Row: K 1, p 7, * k 3, p 3, k 3, p 7, k 1, p 7, repeat from * to last 17 sts., k 3, p 3, k 3, p 7, k 1.

30th Row: Repeat 28th row.

31st Row: P 7, * k 3, p 1, k 1, p 3, k 3, p 13, repeat from * ending with p 7, instead of p 13.

32nd Row: K 7, * p 3, k 3, p 1, k 1, p 3, k 13, repeat from * ending with k 7 instead of k 13.

33rd Row: Repeat 31st row.

34th Row: K 6, * p 3, k 3, p 3, k 1, p 3, k 11, repeat from * ending with k 6 instead of k 11.

35th Row: P 6, * k 3, p 1, k 3, p 3, k 3, p 11, repeat from * ending with p 6 instead of p 11.

36th Row: Repeat 34th row. Repeat last 36 rows and when work measures 12ins.

shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 3ins., work as follows:—

Next Row: Work 48 sts. (leave on spare needle), work 49 sts. Continue in pattern on last 49 sts., making buttonholes as follows:—1st one being 1in. from opening and 3 more 1in. apart.

Buttonholes: Work 3 sts., wrn. twice, k 2 tog., work to end of row. When armhole measures 7ins., shape shoulder by casting off 11 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at centre back, cast on 4 sts., work to end of row.

Continue in pattern, keeping 3 of the cast-on sts. in garter-st. Shape shoulder to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armhole shaping is complete. Continue in pattern until armholes measure 5ins. Work as follows:—

Next Row: Work 41 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast off 15 sts., work 41 sts. Continue on last 41 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 33 sts. When armhole measures 7ins. shape shoulder by casting off 11 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 18ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row (wrong side): P twice

into each of last 2 sts., * p 1, p twice into next st., repeat from * to end (121 sts.).

Work in pattern for 3ins., then k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 31 sts. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

(If Required)

Using No. 12 needles cast on 72 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, increasing 1 st. Work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 10th row until increased to 93 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19ins., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 31 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes. Work 1 row of d.c. around neck and back opening. Set buttons on back opening.

THE GIRL in the picture is wearing short sleeves, but directions are also given for long sleeves. If long sleeves are wanted, please get yourself an extra skein of wool.



For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

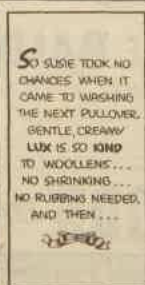
How to make best use of fresh air for baby

MAKING the best use of fresh air is a very important essential in the pre-natal and post-natal care of the young baby and later in the daily routine of the toddler and growing child.

Fresh air and sunshine are as necessary for good nutrition as proper food and the other "essentials," and although many babies are put out in the fresh air they do not get the full benefit of it through badly ventilated prams or wrong types of cots. Best results from indoor ventilation are also often not obtained.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

A leaflet giving valuable hints on this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.



Banish pounds and inches

● These exercises will relieve you of spare tyres, big hips, and reduce your corseting problems very nicely.

By MARY ROSE
Beauty Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

NOW that rationing is with us those who have bulk where it is not wanted should be more determined than heretofore to slim waist and hips.

I would say: Practise on the five easy exercises illustrated on this page. They were evolved for the subtraction of pounds and inches, particularly at waist and hips.

Don't mutter that you have everything under control—aided and abetted by a corset. Your foundation garment won't hold you together for ever. Consider the future as well as the present.

Give these exercises a trial. When you find after a week or so that you are looking better, feeling better, you'll look upon the exercises as the thirsty do a glass of ice-cold water.

Jane Wyatt, RKO Radio star, shows you how easy in each and every exercise.

Start to-night!



STAND ERECT, feet slightly apart, fingers linked behind head, elbows thrust back. At count of one, bend forward from the waist, chin up, eyes up. At count of two, rotate body at waistline to left as far as possible. At count of three, back as far as possible. At count of four, to right as far as possible. Make this a continuous motion. Repeat. This one relieves you of the one type of spare tyre you can't use.



STAND ERECT, feet apart, arms at sides, shoulder height. At count of one, bend from waist straight to right side (if you bend forward at all you're cheating), stretching right arm down right leg as far as possible, curving left arm over head. Keep heels on floor, knees straight, face forward. At count of two, return to original position. Reverse and repeat. Subtracts inches from sides above waistline, slims waist itself.



STAND ERECT, feet apart, arms extended at sides, shoulder height. (1) Pivot upper body at waistline (do not move feet), swinging right arm forward and around to left, left arm back and to right. (2) Swing right arm down to left toe, left arm up, hand above head. Keep knees and elbows straight, both heels on floor. (3) Resume position one. (4) Return to original position. Reverse. Repeat. This exercise will do miracles for the waistline.



LIE ON RIGHT SIDE, head pillowed on right arm, left arm in front of you as slight brace (but don't depend on it; let your weight fall on your right hip for this one). Legs must be extended straight down, knees straight, right foot lifted several inches off floor, left several inches above that, toes pointed. (1) Swing right foot forward, left foot back. Side of hip should be pivot for this. (2) Swing left foot forward, right foot back. Repeat. Reverse position to left side; repeat.



SIT ON FLOOR, hands behind you to brace body, legs extended in front of you, heels together. (1) Swing right foot over left as far as possible. Do not move arms or body above waistline. Keep toes pointed, stretching as you move. (2) Return to original position. (3) Swing left foot over right as far as possible. (4) Return to original position. Repeat. Particularly good for the ... or ... derriere. This exercise should be performed as you lie flat on your back, arms at sides. Footwork same as above. Polishes the pounds off the sides below the waistline.

GARDEN NEWS

WISTARIA vines which should have been summer pruned will now need topping, and the lateral growths pruned to 3 or 4 buds. If the vines do not flower satisfactorily, root prune by thrusting in a sharp spade as deeply as possible all round vines at a distance of about 3 to 4 ft. from main stem.

TO preserve chrysanthemum and perennial phlox basal growths from frost in cold areas, cover with 11-inch sticks, criss-crossed, and scatter several inches of dead leaves on the sticks. This allows them to breathe without being sweated or smothered.

WHEN planting new trees, always stake them up, no matter what their size. Tie string, raffia, twine or flex to stake, not to the tree. Merely place a loop round trunk, and, if it is very tender and likely to bruise, pad the tie with a strip of old rubber inner tube, felt, or wide rag.

TO avoid loss of delphinium crowns during winter, and to ward off slugs and snails, place a shovelful of coal ashes and small cinders around them. It will also act as a weak sort of fertiliser.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.



KEEPS HER FIT

A clear skin and bright, sparkling eyes are signs of radiant health. If YOU suffer from constipation take one or two NYAL FIGSEN TABLETS before retiring; no nausea, no gripping pain. In the morning the action of Figsen is mild, gentle, sure. NYAL FIGSEN helps to restore a normal bowel action without forming a habit. Equally good for young and old. Figsen is one of the 168 dependable NYAL FAMILY MEDICINES. Sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3 a tin.

The next best thing to Nature ...
Nyal Figsen
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE



Do this at home
Start today to wash your hair with Sta-Bond. You will be amazed at the difference. And you will leave the amazing secret ... that only Sta-Bond can bring back that lovely "lighter" colour to faded hair. Give back to your hair its long golden beauty, sparkle and shine—and keep it—the Sta-Bond prevents hair loss from thinning and keeps it bright and lustreous always.

STA-BOND
THE STABLE ONE SHAMPOO

CATARRH SUFFERERS!

Here's the RELIEF you have longed for!



It's the modern way to clear stuffy nose—You b-r-e-a-t-h-e freely... in seconds!

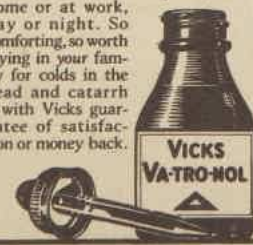
Just a few drops up each nostril do 3 important things to bring you comfort

DOES YOUR NOSE clog up in winter ... spoiling your working days ... ruining sleep at night ... making you miserable?

WHEN YOU PUT a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril, you experience positive relief in three wonderfully effective ways at once! Quickly spreading throughout the sore, congested nasal passages, those few drops (1) soothe irritation, (2) clear away clogging mucus, and (3) restore the swollen

membranes inside your nose to normal size. It's thrilling! Cool, clear breathing is yours almost at once.

IT'S SO CONVENIENT, and entirely safe. Vicks Va-tro-nol can be used as often as relief is required, at home or at work, day or night. So comforting, so worth trying in your family for colds in the head and catarrh—with Vicks guarantee of satisfaction or money back.



She watched the firm strong outlines of his face lit by the flickering flames and felt a glow of complete content. "Darling," she heard him whisper, "I want you like this—by my side for ever."

MAKE THIS COME TRUE IN YOUR LIFE



Perfect romance does not belong to fiction only—it is the birthright of every girl. To be born beautiful is not so important as to know the art of fascination—most of all the appeal of a petal-smooth skin. For even an ordinary complexion takes on a smooth and pearl-like finish with Erasmic Face Powder. Delicate as gossamer, Erasmic clings closely and evenly—its fragrance surrounding you with an unforgettable charm.

(NATURAL, RACHEL, DAWN, RACHEL DUSK, BRUNETTE, SUNTAN AND PEACH)
Erasmic Cream (Vanishing & Cold) 1/14 tube

ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1/6



Waste not Want not

Has always been a good maxim and is most applicable to our present conditions.



Arnott's Biscuits can be eaten with a minimum of waste. They are ready without preparation and full of nourishment.

Our Milk Arrowroot, Shredded Wheatmeal, Milk Coffee, Sao, Digestive, Butter Oat Cakes and many other lines can all be recommended as good foods at any time of the day.

Care should be taken to keep the lids closed down when tins are not in use.



Arnott's
FAMOUS
**MILK
ARROWROOT
BISCUITS**



PLEASE RETURN ALL EMPTY TINS TO YOUR GROCER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE